MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

When the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture passed a vote, requiring societies receiving the bounty of the State, to hold at least three Farmers' Institutes every year, it was a step of progress that has proved of great advantage to progressive farmers all over the State. At first, the farmers in many portions of the State, were inclined to look upon this action of the Board as a measure which would impose upon them a burden, without securing to them any advantage. Somehow the idea got abroad that the speakers would be men of theories without any real practical knowledge of the operations of the farm; but when it was found that even the members of the board who took part in the discussions, were not only men with theories, but also men who, with their own hands, on their own farms, practically demonstrated the correctness of their theories, and when it was also found that it was expected and desired that the farmers themselves should take an active part in the discussion, the farmers changed their opinion, and gathered in large numbers to listen and to take an active part in the discussions.

Those who have attended the Institutes, have returned to their farms better prepared to till the soil in a manner to secure the best results. Most of the meetings have been held during the fall and winter months; would it not be well to hold a portion of them during the summer? When haying is over the farmer usually is not so hurried in business that he cannot spare a few days for rest; in fact, after the rush of summer harvest is over, he ought to lay aside his working harness, for a few days, to enjoy a season of recreation; how better can he do it, and how more profitably, than by attending farmers' meetings? It would be well to attempt only the meetings that are held in the neighboring towns, but also those that are held at a distance; thus giving to the farmer an opportunity to become better acquainted with the different methods of farming in other portions of the State, enlarge his acquaintanceship, and enable him to gather ideas from a wide field of operations.

If a series of Institutes could be arranged to be held on successive days within easy reach of each other, so that the farmer could devote a week away from home, and attend a farmers' meeting every day in a different locality, it would not only give him an opportunity of being continually surrounded by new objects, but also at the same time enable him to gather up advanced ideas coming from a large number of speakers. If an arrangement of this kind could be made to take place some time in August, it would very much add to the interest and value of the meetings, by giving each attendant an opportunity to examine the growing crops, and observe the different methods of cultivation. The advantages to be gathered in this way, by one who is earnestly seeking for more light, can hardly be over estimated.

Every farmer who has so far got out of the old ruts as to realize that there may be better ways than his own, will always discover enough, while abroad, to pay him for the time and money it will cost him.

If a little effort was made to exhibit at the meetings such fruits and vegetables as were in full perfection at the time of the meeting, it would be a very pleasing feature, and would give each attendant an opportunity to compare qualities, and frequently to see new varieties. The yearly exhibitions of county societies have done much to introduce new products of the farm, as well as to improve the old; but there are many of the summer fruits and vegetables that cannot be exhibited in the autumn; these could be exhibited at the summer meetings, and an opportunity given to test the qualities of the different varieties, thus giving the farmers a chance to compare qualities and to decide which would be the most desirable to cultivate. It would also give an opportunity to see the difference, in the same varieties, under different methods of cultivation.

If there is anything that will lift a man out of the old ruts, it is the exhibiting of his fruits by the side of others, of the same variety, which are far superior to his. He then begins to realize that there is yet a chance for him to learn; and he can hardly resist the temptation to drop some of his old settled ways, and adopt those which comparison has taught him are better than his own.

The discussions at nearly all of the meetings held last year, were of a real practical character, those who took part in them confining their remarks to such subjects as they had made themselves familiar with by practical tests, conducted by their own hands. Most of the speakers were hard-working, intelligent farmers, who have an earnest desire to improve the condition of their farms. The advanced ideas that were promulgated last year will have a direct tendency to invite a closer observation of nature, and a more thorough investigation of the habits of all of the products of the farm. The more careful the farmer observes the growth of his crops, the more interested will he become in his vocation, and the better will he understand how to supply in the easiest way, the wants of each product of his farm.

Every new, advanced idea that the farmer picks up will not only assist him in his operations on his farm, but will also enable him to discuss the subject at the farmers' meetings more intelligently. There probably never was a time when the methods of producing crops from the soil were being improved so rapidly as at present, therefore it is of the highest importance that the farmers should carefully read the agricultural papers, and frequently meet together to exchange views, and to learn the progress that each has made.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Among the Farmers.

THE FARM OF DR. JABEZ B. FISHER.

A ride over the Fitchburg Railroad is always a pleasant one, but when the objective point is a Farmers' Institute, appointed, too, on the grounds of such a distinguished culturist as Dr. Jabez Fisher, it becomes, doubly delightful from the concentrated influences of anticipation. "Pomoland" is the felicitous name given to his well-known estate by Dr. Fisher, at whose invitation the Worcester North Agricultural Society held the third of the series of Farmers' Institutes on Friday, the 16th inst. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were present, to whose intense personal interest in both agriculture and horticulture no further testimony was required. A considerable number of ladies likewise lent their presence, and materially assisted to bring out some of the more attractive features of the occasion.

This was in the best and truest sense of the term a farmers' "field meeting." The visitors were first conducted over the grounds by their intelligent cultivator, who occupied the time in explaining his various processes of cultivation and presenting the visible and substantial results of his experience and skill as an acknowledged master in the raising of fruits. His vineyard enjoys a wide and rare reputation, and his prolific orchards are not unknown to fame. Through these he took the highly interested party, qualifying his exhibition with the remark that his pear crop this year is a complete failure, and that his grape crop was no better than half an one.

Still he proceeded to explain his processes of cultivation with the same spirit and clearness as if he had only full crops of fruit to show. When the company had reached the barn, Dr. Fisher mounted an extemporized platform and observed that he was about to speak of matters in respect to which his methods are different from those of people generally. He mentioned the barn cellar into which is conducted all the solid and liquid manure, and all the water that falls on the roof. In the spring a chain pump raises the liquid from the cellar, when a conductor carries it through a spout to the outside of the barn, where it goes into a close-bodied vehicle especially constructed for distributing manure in a liquid form. This fertilizer he uses for top-dressing grass lands, and one man can pump and distribute a load in fifteen minutes.

He said he had seventeen acres in grass, and last year sold twenty-one tons of hay, besides keeping two horses and a cow. The Stockbridge fertilizer is also used on his grass land, at the rate of one bag per acre. The solid manure is spread over the grass in the autumn. This method of cutting and curing grass is interesting. To keep the land in herds'-grass, he mows early and cuts the grass very high. By this method instead of the June grass supplanting the herds'-grass, the second crop of herds'-grass drops its seed and reseeds the land. He would prefer to cut all his grass in bloom, if he could cut it in one and the same day; as it is, he cuts half of it before it is in bloom By cutting grass high, the second crop starts early and even in a dry time; when shaved down below the lower joint, the bulbs of herds'-grass die.

Red clover cannot be kept in a field more than two years. Hay ought not to be left till the second day, if the first one is a good hay day. Grass may be cut to advantage after four o'clock in the afternoon, the dew drying off quickly the next morning, so that the tedder can keep it stirring until it is dry enough to get in. In this experience, a cow returns from ten to fifteen dollars worth of manure, for every twenty-five dollars worth of food she consumes. Dr. Fisher says he cannot afford to keep a pasture; when he gets one he turns it into wood or makes a vineyard of it. His one cow is kept in the stall all the time. He keeps his land free of weeds with a cultivator and a harrow. Both are peculiar implements, whose practical working was shown to the assembled company by his foreman.

On an inspection of the apple orchard, the coddling moth, the great curse of fruit-growers, was discussed; and the Doctor explained in detail his method of preventing its destructive work, which is exceedingly simple and effective. His apples are thinned with an implement made for the purpose. By thinning, he secures only large apples and of a high flavor. Part of the orchard is in grass, and what is cut under the trees is left on the ground, as grass grown in the shade is good for nothing for hay. A visit to the pear orchard introduced the company to a description of the methods of culture. Two pears are not allowed to grow together. None but the best fruits should be raised. The lower pear orchard contains from 260 to 275 trees, all but a dozen being Bartletts. It was planted 20 years ago, and 600 bushels of fruit have been gathered from it in a year.

Dr. Fisher compares a dwarf pear tree to a dwarf man; it will do if you cannot get a better. Whereas he once had 1500 dwarf pear trees, he now has but one. He found that their fruit never paid the cost of planting them. The pear orchard formerly cultivated is located on a hillside, and the land has been badly washed by rains which carried the soil and manure on to adjoining land. The orchard was seeded with white clover as a preventive. He had to mow the clover the first year, it was so heavy About $25 worth of manure is applied to the pear orchard annually. Last year it was attacked with leaf blight about the 1st of August, which reduced what promised to be a crop of 600 bushels to about 400 bushels of rather poor quality. As an experiment, he has applied copperas at the rate of about one pound per tree.

The vineyard is a most interesting section of this famous farm. Dr. Fisher explained his methods of culture and pruning very clearly to the assembly. In the fruit-house the fine fruit of "Pomoland" is preserved in excellent condition long after the fruit of most other growers is out of the market. It is a structure of two stories, the fruit being stored on the lower floor, while the second floor is made an ice chamber, which maintains the temperature of the fruit at the proper point. Fruit should be picked before it is quite ripe, and kept in a cool, dead air. Long keeping fruit should be put in the cellar as soon as possible after picking. The method of harvesting, preserving and marketing grapes was explained, greatly to the interest of all present. A subsequent meeting in the barn resulted in a number of congratulatory speeches from those present, among whom were L. J. Brown, Esq., President of the Worcester North Agricultural Society, A. P. Slade, Esq., of Somerset, and John B. Morse, of Concord, all of whom testified to the superior practical value of field-meetings of this character.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

RATS IN THE HEN-HOUSE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would like an answer to the following question through the columns of the *Ploughman*. How can I get rid of the rats in my chicken pen? They have carried off several of my chickens, and I have tried copperas and steel traps, but cannot get rid of them.

Yours truly, L.

Dunstable, Mass., July 18, 1880.

The surest way is to sprinkle quick lime in their holes; throw it in so that the chickens cannot reach it. Potash answers well also, used in the same way. The rat exterminator that is sold by apothecaries is also a sure poison. We have also known arsenic mixed in meal efficacious. It should be placed where the birds cannot reach it.—[ED.

"WILD CALVES."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you explain the disease known as, "Wild Calves?" My neighbor's cow appeared to be in excellent health, and July 3d she dropped a fine healthy calf. One hour or so after she died in apparently great pain. Upon examination about *seventy-five* little animals were found clinging to the womb. They were about the size of a little kitten, and resembled a calf, but were not perfectly formed.

Farmers in this vicinity say they know of a number of such cases, and that the cow always dies. If you will explain the cause of this strange disease through the *Ploughman*, you will greatly oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Parkersburg, W. Virginia, July 9, 1880.

☞ That farmers may know when Institutes are to be held in different parts of the States some measures should be taken to advertise more widely than by circulating a few handbills in the neighboring towns. If officers of societies who call the meetings will notify us of the time and place of meeting, we should be glad, for the benefit of the farmers, to publish a list in the *Ploughman*. The extensive circulation of our paper would bring the notice of the meetings to a large number of farmers, who otherwise would not know of them, and it would probably secure the presence of some from distant parts of the State.

LIME FOR OLD PASTURES.

The *Tribune and Farmer* says:—Everybody about a farm knows that animals will not eat the grass which grows up rank around their own droppings, and it has also been observed by some that hay from meadows heavily enriched is not eaten so readily as that from other fields. It is the practice, usually, to put such meadows to other crops, but if lime be applied instead, it will restore the ground to a proper condition quickly. Lime laid on for such a purpose would do more to sweeten a foul pasture in three months than if it was shut up for six months, and left to the ordinary process for cleaning. This is about one of the most important uses to which lime could be put, correcting, as it does, all sourness and rankness in grass, reducing almost immediately all noxious effluvia from the manure deposited, and therefore preventing food, which, being relished by the stock, is converted into that which will lay the foundation of a profit. It is more especially on bog pastures that the use of lime is particularly beneficial, for besides its action on cattle droppings, it destroys moss, rushes, and all sedgy or other coarse growths, whose places become occupied by more nutritious grasses. After the liming of a pasture, cattle will eat the grass readily, which before they would not touch, showing the beneficial change the lime had brought about.

THE BERRY CROP.

[Manchester (N. H.) Mirror and Farmer.]

Morrill's express took to Boston from stations on the Nashua and Greenfield railroad in two days last week 490 bushels of blueberries. These berries probably came from not more than half a dozen towns, and we persume the pickers got at least $2 per bushel for them, making about a thousand dollars for the lot, which is quite a pot of money to distribute in two days among the girls and boys of five or six country towns. The blueberry season lasts three or four weeks, and while it is at its height, only a few days; the price is higher when the supply is short, and we suppose it is entirely within bounds to say that several towns in the Souhegan valley will receive at least a thousand dollars each from this source this season. Add to this the large sum already taken for field raspberries and strawberries, and that yet to come from blackberries, and consider that these towns are not a tenth part of the berry growing section of the State, and we get some idea of the importance of a crop of which no account is made in the census reports or any other collection of farm statistics.

The berry crop of this State must be worth in an average season nearly or quite a hundred thousand dollars, and as it all grows on waste land, and is mostly gathered by fingers that would otherwise be idle, it may be counted as pretty much clear gain. It might be and as the facilities for getting it to market are improved, will be made worth a great deal more than it is now.

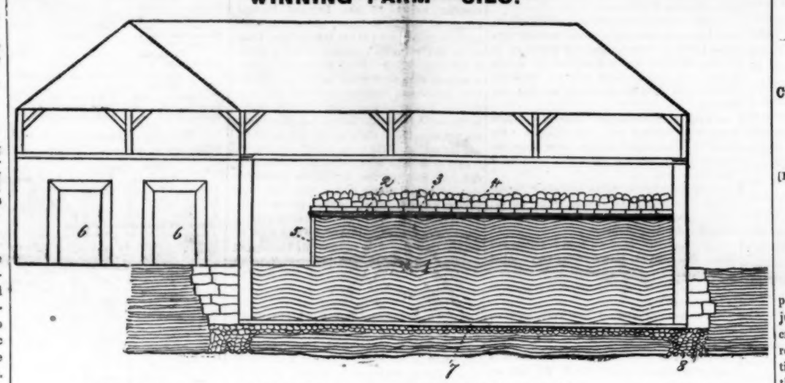
SCABBY POTATOES.

[F. M. Haxamer, in Tribune.]

Scab on potatoes is produced by minute animals which have not yet been thoroughly studied. The scab shows itself first on the surface of the potato, in rough spots, which afterward become raised, like blisters. These collapse subsequently and leave irregular holes or pits of various sizes in the substance of the tuber. They do not seem to be confined to any particular age of the plant, as they make their appearance on very young tubers, and in other cases not before their full development. About the predisposing conditions and prevention of these parasites little is known. Ashes and lime do not prevent or destroy them. I have found them plentiful in fields where ashes had never been applied, and also with and without swine, horse, or cow manure, and where potatoes had not been planted for several years. In this case like does not produce like, for I have seen scabby potatoes produce splendid scab-free potatoes; on the other hand, some soils, which seem to be saturated with scab, will produce scabby potatoes, no matter what seed is used. Some varieties are more liable to scab than others. A row of Buckeyes were almost eaten up by scab, while other varieties close by were free from it. Little as is known of the nature of the scab, I think I have proved to my own satisfaction, at least, that since the exclusive use of commercial fertilizers, my potatoes have become entirely free from scab, and better than with the use of barn-yard manures.

☞ At a recent farmers' meeting, a speaker gave a receipt for making farming pay, as follows: "Have but one business, and get up in the morning and see to it yourself."

WINNING FARM "SILO."



1.—The Ensilage.
2.—Straw uncut.
3.—Plank covering.
4.—Stone weights.
5.—Vertical slice, to be taken out daily
6.—Doors.
7.—Cement floor.
8.—Drainage.

[See Dr. JOHN M. BAILEY'S New Book on "Ensilage."]

Stock Department.

KEEP THE BEST HEIFERS.

[National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.]

Saving heifer calves only from the best milkers, and then weeding out the poorest of these, will soon lay the foundation for a choice daily herd. And let us make the further important point, that selecting a pure-bred male from an especially good milking strain, and then selecting the heifer calves from the best milkers, and following up this mode of breeding for even ten years with males from the same strain of blood, the blood of the progeny becomes unified and intensified to a degree of prepotency almost equal to a thoroughbred. The dairyman may then place a strong reliance upon the milking quality of the future progeny. He has thus moulded a breed to suit his own wants. When dairymen shall proceed on this systematic plan of growing their own dairy herds, we shall hear much less of the unprofitableness of the dairy. Of course great care must be taken to study the wants of these young animals as to food and shelter. Good food and care are necessary to show the capacity of any strain of blood. The best blood will soon deteriorate under unskillful feeding. The heifer calves from the best milkers should be generously fed from the beginning with such food as will grow the frame and muscles; consequently nitrogenous food is most important. Skim milk, oil meal, wheat bran, oats, barley, and clover are all good. Whey must always be fed with more nitrogenous food.

MARBLED BEEF.

[Chicago Times.]

Americans have succeeded in producing beef sufficiently fat to meet the demands of any market. Unfortunately, however, for the quality of the beef, the fat and lean are not well distributed. The fat is in huge masses and is useless as human food. Specimens of finely marbled beef are rarely found in this country. Undoubtedly our method of feeding beef cattle causes the absence of "the streak of fat and streak of lean" that are so desirable. Our animals are for the most part fattened on corn, which produces a large amount of hard tallow that is deposited in masses outside the flesh. The best marble beef is produced by cattle that feed on rich, tender grasses. The best beef known in London market comes from the mountain regions of Scotland and Ireland, where the cattle have little or no grain. It was at one time thought that the breed of the cattle raised in those localities was the cause of the marbled appearance and of the prime flavor of the meat. It now seems to be settled that the superiority of this beef is due to the peculiar feed of the animals. Corn produces an abundance of fat, but it is not fat of the right kind, and it is not deposited in the right places. It is likely that we have made too much use of corn in the production not only of beef but of pork and mutton.

Porcine.

THREAD WORMS IN HOGS.

[Toronto Globe.]

These worms, to a great extent, resemble the species of entozoa found in the windpipes of chickens afflicted with the gapes, and in the windpipes of calves, afflicted with hoose. Each worm appears to be furnished with a full and complete set of suckers, resembling from three to five mouths, by means of which they fasten themselves firmly to the windpipes of chickens and calves in attacks of gapes and hoose, and to the sides or the œsophagus of swine and other animals in which they exist like leeches. When they arrive at a certain size they roll themselves up into a congregating mass and suffocate the animal afflicted with them. The Oxyuris vermicularis, the thread or maw worm, inhabit the anterior portion of the intestinal canal, the œsophagus and upper portion of the stomach. The Asdaris lumbricoides and Tania entozoa species of worms is remarkably and extremely singular, and more favorable than any other fact to the trustworthy hypothesis of spontaneous generation, especially in the lowest tribes or species of animated nature. The aforementioned entozoa certainly cannot be identified with any species of entozoa or worms out of the animal economy or body. While they are most commonly met with in young and improperly managed animals, yet their existence or presence cannot be corrected or positively detected by any developed symptoms unless entozoas or worms are discharged from the mouth and rectum, or from both. They may give rise to great irritation in the œsophagus, the stomach, and the entire length of the intestinal tube, and thereby cause a sympathetic disturbance in most of the functions connected with the animal economy; yet all these developed signs and systems may readily be produced in the intestinal canal by irritation originating from other primary causes. The indicated anthelmintics or vermifuges employed, as the term imports, for the successful eradication of worms, consists of two kinds—mechanical and true. The first class requires to be prescribed and administered by skilled and competent persons in order to avoid serious and fatal results. To the latter class—the true anthelmintics—oleum terebinthinæ is the best and most efficacious remedy belonging to this class of remedies. The dose for a hog six months old is from half to one fluid drachm once daily for three days. Stop for one week, give again for two days, if necessary, and wholly discontinue administering. The main object to be kept in constant view is to peremptorily prevent generation of these entozoa or worms. To successfully accomplish this it must be done by means of generous and nutritious diets, pure, fresh and dry air, and administering tonic remedies where necessary to subdue any existing morbid habit of body.

☞ Cabbage, containing as it does a large per cent. of phosphoric acid, makes one of the most valuable kinds of food for young pigs, calves and chickens. All young animals require a bountiful supply of phosphatic food to make bone. Clover is next in value to cabbage.

MONEY IN CABBAGES.

[Isaac F. Tillinghast, in American Rural Home.]

There are at this season of the year, all through the country, pieces of good, rich land which, from lack of time, have not yet been planted; or the devastation of worms and insects, or from some other cause, have not at this time any crops growing upon them, and the owners are now interested in deciding what, if any, crops can still be grown which will prove remunerative. If the land is in good condition, and a supply of fine manure can be procured, there are few, if any, crops which can still be put upon such lands which are capable of bringing as much ready money for the labor and expense of cultivating as a good crop of cabbages.

Having been interested in the growing of this vegetable for a number of years, I will offer a few hints to those who are in a position to be benefited thereby. The cabbage plant is a gross feeder, and, if the soil is not already rich, must be heavily manured. However, good fresh corn or potato land, which has vegetable matter enough in its composition to make it loose and lively, will produce better results than heavy soil which has been several years under the plough. If there is not stable manure enough at command to give it a good coating of that, a dressing of superphosphate, bone-dust, or guano, placed in the hill, or around the plant and hoed in, will answer every purpose.

Perhaps there is no vegetable with which it is more important that a good stock or strain of seeds is secured to start with than the cabbage. There is much inferior seed in the market, grown from poor, loose heads or stumps, on which no head has ever been, and such seed will almost invariably produce its like. "From nothing comes nothing," is an adage applicable here.

I have for a number of years used seeds grown from large selected heads, many of them finer than can be found in our markets, and find that such will give satisfaction every time. I have grown upwards of fifty varieties in a single season, but find that for practical purposes there are three or four which combine the most valuable features of the whole. For summer use, the *True Jersey Wakefield* and *Henderson's Summer* are unexcelled. For fall and winter, the best strains of *Large Flat Dutch, Fottler's Drumhead*, and *Winnigstadt* are all that is desired. The *Flat Dutch* is the standard winter cabbage of this country, and to fully mature in this latitude should be set from June 10th to June 15th. In New Jersey and further south it can be set correspondingly later. *Winnigstadt* and *Fottler's Drumhead* are a few weeks earlier, and hence can be set correspondingly later.

As the cabbages head up best during the cool fall months, the late-set plants make the finest and sweetest heads, providing they have time to mature. It is now too late to sow the seed for this season's use, and those who have not a supply of plants must purchase them instead. The plants can usually be procured in most sections at a small cost, but purchasers have less chance of knowing what kind of stock they are planting, unless they purchase of some one they can trust. Good plants are plenty in this vicinity at $1.50 per thousand, and can probably be obtained cheaply elsewhere. They are usually set 2 feet by 3, and cultivated by horse one way; in this manner, it requires about 7,000 plants for an acre.

It is *very important* that plants which have *good roots* are set, as otherwise they are liable to perish from club-root or other disease. In my *Manual of Vegetable Plants*, published three years ago, I first advanced the theory that the little white maggots which are frequently found in plant beds, and which eat the fibrous roots off, leaving only a long straight tap-root, are the larvæ of the *striped flea beetle*, and that to escape the maggots the flea must be kept off. This theory received considerable criticism from other writers, but no one has as yet been able to disprove it, and from further experience I am more than ever convinced that it is correct, and should not now think of growing healthy plants without endeavoring to keep the flea-beetles off from the start. Plants set during the latter part of June or in July are less frequently disturbed by these fleas and maggots than those set earlier, and hence, as a rule, not so frequently diseased.

The cabbage worm, which but a few years ago made such a havoc, has been so nearly exterminated by its parasitic enemies that it gives no occasion for alarm, in this locality at least. A few worms will be found upon the plants when hoeing, but as the season advances they grow scarcer, instead of more plentiful, and do no particular damage.

There is a principle in transplanting cabbage and other succulent plants which is unknown or overlooked by many parties. They seem of the opinion that the sooner a plant is reset after being taken from the seed-bed the more sure it is to live. A moment's thought will show the fallacy of this idea; if it does not, a little practice will.

The plant gets its supply of moisture and sustenance from the soil by means of numerous small mouths at the extremities of the fine rootlets. When the plant is removed from its seed-bed, more or less of these are of a necessity broken, and the evaporation is continually going on from its leaves, more or less rapidly according to the degree of heat and sunlight it is made to stand. If transplanted at once, it follows that the plant must of necessity wilt badly, and, if the weather is hot and the soil dry, may never revive. If, however, on being removed it has its roots "puddled" in muddy water and is then laid in a cool, moist place, in from 12 to 48 hours numerous small white rootlets will be formed, the leaves will stiffen up, and every energy of the plant is set at recovery. In other words, the plant is convalescent, and if given half a chance for its life will commence growing with renewed vigor. For these reasons, plants which have been well-packed and transported considerable distances by express will often wilt less on setting, and start to growing sooner than those which are reset at once when taken from the seed-bed.

☞ A few sweet herbs should have a place in every garden. Every cook and housekeeper knows the value of the little patch of herbs upon which she makes such daily drafts in summer, and which furnishes her with a nice collection for winter seasoning, without which the Thanksgiving turkey would lose all flavor, while strong kinds are excellent as medicine.

The Poultry Interest.

FOWLS IN ORCHARDS.

[Poultry World.]

Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and the foliage remarkably luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio in their reach, even to the canker worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, as the condition of the fowls or the orchard sections seemed to require.

CHARCOAL FOR FOWLS.

An old turkey raiser gives the following experiment: "Four turkeys were fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood, were also at the same time, confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls that had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat being greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor."

PIP.

[American Poultry Yard.]

Pip is a name applied to a condition, in which there is a dry, horny scale at the end of the tongue. The best authorities agree in considering that it is merely a symptom of some disease elsewhere; commonly some affection of the air passage, which causes the fowl to breathe through the mouth, the tongue becoming for this reason dry, and the breathing being noisy, "zip," "zip," whence the name. Indigestion may also cause it. Those who treat "pip" as a serious disease prescribe daily two or three grains of black pepper in fresh butter, which will stimulate the digestive system; the bit of garlic daily, as recommended by some, is useful in the same way, and also by stimulating the lining membrane of the air passages. Diet carefully. In indigestion a dose of castor oil may be given. Apply chlorinated soda to the tongue, if you want to do something. Do not cut off the tip, as formerly recommended. The homeopaths give Spongia three times each day. Some old poultrymen do not believe in pip, and claim never to have seen it, or the hardened tongue-tip said to characterize it. The name used to be given to a great many different disorders.

Inattention to cleanliness brings on nine-tenths of the diseases to which chickendom is liable, and is the cause of so many poor sickly-looking fowls frequently to be found in poultry yards; and to it may be attributed the large proportion of deaths which occur among chickens, while want of due care and attention to feeding chickens is the cause of so many otherwise promising birds being stunted in growth, being scraggy in appearance, and altogether unfit either for the show-pen or the breeding-yard.

PROVISION FOR WINTER.

[National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.]

The drought in May and early part of June has been so extensive at the East, and some portions of the West, as to render the hay crop deficient. It has also reduced the pasturage materially, and will therefore require, in many districts, extra feed for late summer and fall as well as winter. Farmers in such districts will need to avail themselves of every resource at their command to meet the coming deficit. The season is getting so far along that corn for fodder will not, in many localities, fully mature; but still a crop of early sweet corn or early eight-rowed common corn will make a valuable addition to a scant hay crop in wintering the cattle. If we have a favorable fall, corn may reach the full tasseling stage, in which case it is properly matured as a fodder crop. As the remainder of the season may not furnish a good supply of moisture, it becomes important that the ground should be in fine tilth when planted, and that the crop receive a thorough cultivation. For this purpose it should be planted in rows 3 1-2 feet apart, with one bushel of seed to the acre. A common grain drill will plant two rows at a time. The crop should have the cultivator passed through it three to five times. Twenty-five tons of green stalks to the acre may yet be raised, curing into six to seven tons of ordinary dried fodder.

KEEP THE ROADS IN ORDER.

[Hartford Courant.]

Keep it before the people, that the trouble with the country roads is that we hurrah boys and spend a pile of money somewhere and leave our work—*our* work, mind, no matter whose shovel did it—without the subsequent care needed for its preservation. We never shall have good common roads until individual property-holders along the highway are ready to take pains to stop this waste, and give some care to their road-front, wherever the town has fixed it for them, at least. Making a good road along streets where the people don't care for it is casting pearls before swine. There are many places in the road where a barrow-load of gravel settled with a pail of water will prevent a bad cradle-hole and where a few shoves of earth with the back of a hay-rake, at a water-bar before a shower, will prevent a bad wash-out.

Scientific.

THE SUGAR BEET.

Cultivation and Manufacture into Sugar

BY PROF. C. A. GOESSMANN,
Of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

[From the Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.]

NUMBER IV.

YIELD OF JUICE.

The sugar-beet contains about eighty-two per cent of water; and eighty per cent of its juice may be obtained by subjecting the crushed beet to a powerful pressure. The relation of the power applied to the quantity of juice obtained may be inferred from the following statement of Walkhoff:—

By 50 lbs. of pressure to the square in	60 per ct.
80 " " " "	64 "
400 " " " "	75 "
750 " " " "	80 "

The press-plates are made fourteen inches or more square; and twenty-four pounds of pulp for every hundred square inches of press surface is considered the best proportion. The roots are usually changed into a pulp by circular saws fastened upon two hollow iron rollers running in opposite directions. Water is added (from fifteen to thirty per cent) while preparing the pulp, to reduce the amount of sugar left in the press-cakes. By means of this and numerous other devices, from eighty to eighty-seven per cent of the actual juice in the beet-roots is secured. The profitable addition of water is limited by the expense arising from the evaporation of a diluted juice. The extra expense necessary to procure more than eighty per cent of the juice largely diminishes its value; nevertheless improved methods are constantly sought, and are doubtless attainable.

The press method and Roberta's† modification of warm and cold maceration of the fresh beets have apparently the warmest advocates.

The supply of labor, fuel, and water, the condition of the sugar market, etc., so far control the choice of apparatus and modes of operation, that little information could be gained from a general discussion without some detailed explanations. To the farmer, the vegetable refuse, as press-cake and like substances, is of prime importance; and the various modes of abstracting the juice from the beet-roots affect him only in so far as the value of the refuse for feeding purposes is concerned. A comparison of the composition of the juices obtained by means of a powerful hydraulic press and by Roberta's maceration (or the dialytic mode,) may aid in understanding this question, of which I shall have to treat somewhat more in detail hereafter:—

I.

Beet-juice procured by the aid of a hydraulic press contains:—

	Per cent.
Sugar	12.410
Potassa and soda compounds	0.458
Lime and magnesia	0.187
Nitrogenous substance	1.418
Non-nitrogenous organic substances	1.048

II.

Beet-juice procured by Roberta's diffusion apparatus with an addition of fifteen per cent of water, contains:—

	Per cent.
Sugar	11.380
Potassa and soda compounds	0.441
Lime and magnesia	1.191
Nitrogenous substance	0.791
Non-nitrogenous organic substances	0.983

YIELD OF SUGAR.

According to the mode of operation pursued, more or less sugar will be left with the cellular refuse mass. The residue of the hydraulic press contains from three and three-fifths to four and four-fifths per cent of sugar, or seventy-six hundredths per cent of the amount in the original sugar-beet; while Roberta's mode leaves but one-tenth to two-tenths per cent of sugar. Between these figures lie the quantities of sugar left by the application of other modes of operation. With the removal of the juice begins, consequently, the loss of sugar, which amounts, during the whole operation for its final separation, to about three and a half per cent under a good management of existing methods. To set down losses which occur in a branch of manufacture where peculiar skill so decidedly bears upon the final results, is no doubt quite arbitrary; but it is of interest to notice where they usually occur, and to what degree they affect the final results in many instances. The following statement is presented as a fair one, and may serve the purpose just specified:—

One hundred parts of sugar-beet roots, under fair management, are liable to lose sugar as follows:—

	Per cent.
In the pits by degeneration	2 00
By change into grape-sugar	0.54
In process of filtration of the juice	0.14
In defacation and carbonization	0.21
In juice left in the press-cake	0.76
Total loss	3.65

One hundred parts of sugar existing in the beet-roots were, in one case, accounted for in the following way at the close of manufacture:—

	Per cent.
Crystallized sugar	82.46
Sugar left in the molasses	14.75
Lost during manufacture	22.79
Left in the press-cakes	11.48

Eight per cent of sugar from the beet is at present assumed to be the actual result of most factories with improved modes of operation and superior sets of aparatus; some factories claim even more. The importance of an increase in the yield of crystallized sugar may perhaps be best inferred from a case reported by W. Crookes, F. R. S., in his late publication on beet-sugar manufacture with reference to England. Mr. Baruchson, the beet-sugar manufacturer, is reported as stating that the factory cost £10,845; 150,000 pounds of sugar-beet root has been worked per day for five months; the expenses for labor amounted per year to £5,190; the total expenses per year had been £13,980; the total receipts per year were £20,470; the profits thus had amounted to £6,490, or twenty-four and three-fourths per cent on the first outlay; six and a half per cent of crystallized sugar had been the result. He further states that one-half per cent of increase of the yield of crystallized sugar would be equal to seven and a half per cent additional profits. Eight per cent of crystallized sugar from every hundred pounds of beet-roots worked would thus insure a profit of forty-eight per cent.

One hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds of sugar per ton of two thousand pounds of roots are obtained in well-managed establishments; considering twenty tons the attainable yield of roots per acre, from twenty-eight hundred to three thousand pounds of sugar may be secured by established modes of manufacture.

In Germany the total expenses—the manufacturing cost and *the taxes on the beet-root* included—for the production of the sugar from one acre are stated to amount to from a hundred and thirty-two to a hundred and thirty-three dollars; in France, *where the sugar produced is taxed*, they amount to from a hundred and sixty to a hundred and sixty-two dollars per acre.

The expenses in the two countries are divided among the different operations in the following proportion:—

In Germany:—

	Per cent.
Manure	14.48
Cultivation of beets	11.20
Taxes on sugar	34.82
Manufacturing expenses	39.40

In France:—

	Per cent.
Manure and cultivation of beets	24.40
Taxes on sugar	31.50
Manufacturing expenses	44.01

As the raising of a first-class sugar-beet on a large scale has been accomplished in our vicinity—see Flint's Twenty-seventh Annual Report for the year 1879, second part, pp. 47-52—and elsewhere in our State, at a less cost, even in a first trial, than charged in Europe, it seems but reasonable to assume, that, in the absence of any home taxation, the manufacture of beet-sugar can be made in our State a remunerative *industrial* enterprise as soon as our farmers feel confident that the crop will pay them satisfactory returns.

BEET-SUGAR MOLASSES.

The molasses obtained from the sugar-beet is not fit for household consumption on account of its unpleasant saline taste. It is fermented, in most cases, for the production of alcohol, and rarely fed to live-stock, as its confined use, even in small quantities, is not considered safe, from its effect on the digestive organs.

A pound and four-fifths of molasses per day mixed with clover-hay or even straw, has increased the yield of milk. Sometimes the molasses is mixed with caustic lime or the carbonate, and composted for manure, to furnish potassa, in particular, in the soil.

Average Composition of Beet-Sugar Molasses.

	Per cent.
Albuminous substances	9.2
Sugar	41.3
Other organic substances	16.1
Saline compounds	10.8
Water	22.6
	100.0

The saline constituents of course differ somewhat in every case, particularly as far as the lime compounds are concerned. The following analytical results (Trommer & Rode) may give some idea about their general character:—

I.

One hundred pounds of ash constituents of beet-sugar molasses contain of—

	Per cent.
Potassa	30.46
Soda	10 12
Lime	26 62
Sesquioxide of iron	0.04
Carbonic acid	19.07
Sulphuric acid	1.92
Silicic acid	0 06
Chlorine	10.03
	100.00

II.

Ash from molasses made

coarse sand, or fine gravel around each tree about six inches high, and as small in diameter as it can be made to stand; in September this should be removed and the tree examined; scrape the trunk of the tree and remove any borers that may have found lodgment. If the work of placing gravel around the tree is well done not one in a hundred will be found with borers in it.

Dry sand or gravel is far better than ashes for it keeps the trunk of the tree too dry for the miller to deposit her eggs, or if any should chance to be deposited, too dry for them to hatch; while ashes are of a moist nature, and after the potash is leached out, keeps the trunk of the tree just moist enough to invite the miller to lay her eggs, and also just the right state for the eggs to hatch, and the little worms to grow.

When the orchard comes into bearing, measures must be taken to prevent the blossom buds from being killed. This can be done by keeping the orchard heavily mulched with some material that will prevent the soil from becoming heated during October and November. The cheapest material for this purpose, is the brush of evergreen trees, such as cedar, pine and hemlock. One of the best peach orchards that the writer of this ever saw, was heavily mulched with pine brush; the trees being in a good healthy condition, and the fruit large beautiful and good flavor.

Three or four good crops are as many as should be expected from good growing vigorous trees, one of which will oftentimes pay the whole expense of the trees up to the time they begin to bear fruit. After the trees begin to bear, cultivation should cease, and the ground kept covered so deep with brush or some other good cooling mulching material, that the growth of both grass and weeds is prevented.

When trees start with too much fruit, a portion should be picked off, that the remainder may grow large and fair; for one bushel of good looking, large fruit, is worth more than several bushels of small, inferior fruit.

If we would keep up our supply of peaches we must set a new orchard every few years; by so doing if we keep the ground cool in the autumn, we are able to run our trees on the high pressure principle and yet have a constant supply of good fruit, in quantities that will afford a good handsome profit on the outlay.

Those who wish to go back to the old way, can set their trees in sward land, let nature take its course and they will be able to get a moderate supply of medium quality peaches; while many of the trees will die before they produce much fruit, some of them will establish themselves, live an l bear for a half century. Such trees are now in existence, producing every year fair crops of peaches; but for profit it is undoubtedly best to set often, cultivate well, and mulch heavily, not neglecting to watch closely to keep away all enemies.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

Walt Whitman, the poet, is said to be lying very ill in London, Ont.

The days are now more than an hour and a half shorter than they were.

Gen. Neal Dow accepts, in a recent letter, the nomination for the Presidency by the National Prohibitory Party.

Wednesday, of the passing week, was the nineteenth anniversary of the first battle of Bull Run, or the first battle of the rebellion.

The Princess Louise and Prince Leopold will return together to England, sailing from this port on the 31st. inst., in the steamship Polynesian.

The special agents at work on the industrial statistics of the city, for the census, have distributed schedules in half the wards and collected in a few.

The Cleopatra shaft has arrived at New York quarantine and is reported in perfect condition. It is seventy feet long and weighs two hundred tons.

Reports from all the great fruit producing localities indicate that the peach crop will be both enormous and fine, and that apples and melons will be plentiful.

The rural population in many counties in Illinois proves to be stationary, if not diminishing, the gains in population having all been made by the towns and cities.

Austria does not appear inclined to support any radical measures against Turkey, and Germany will in policy remain united to its Austrian ally, and will do all in its power to save Turkey from complete destruction.

The investigation of the Narragansett disaster discloses the fact that the pilots at least did not understand the system of steam signals. Other charges which have been brought against the management of the boat were also substantiated.¶

The representatives of the trunk lines of railroad from Chicago to the seaboard met at Saratoga this week, to adjust the difference arising in the pool from the admission of the Grand Trunk, which some months since secured a connection with Chicago.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Broken Brattleboro' Bank called forth an expression of a general feeling that a substantial reward should be offered for the return of Waite, which will probably be done. Parties offer to accomplish it for $1000 or no pay.

The Russian fleet which has been ordered to the East, may very likely go to Corea in case the present dispute with China should not lead to war. Corea is coveted by Russia, since it would supply a basis for privateer warfare, which is the only Russian weapon against England.

Capt. Nye, of the steamer Narragansett, said in his testimony that if a thousand passengers had come on board the Narragansett that night, they would probably have gone to New York. He would have expected his discharge the next day, if he had not taken them. He said he was placed there to take all the passengers who come aboard.

WIPING OUT TURKEY.

Since Turkey declines to comply with the requirements of the European powers, there has been a series of rumors running about the continent to the effect that they entertain the design to exterminate her from the political map. But, on the other hand, it has just come out that Austria and Germany are combined to shield her, so that she may not utterly disappear. This policy may be credited to their jealousy of Russia. One Russian journal says it is convinced, however, that all the powers except Austria and Germany are agreed on the plan to liquidate the Turkish empire, and that Austria would not be disinclined to it, if she is allowed to take part of the booty. The Berex, semi-official, says that no intrigues nor secret conspiracies are necessary to accelerate the collapse of the Turkish empire. The situation, it says, has now come to a point where it is only desirable to give a free hand to the Christians in the peninsula.

The same journal adds that it would prefer a pacific solution, but the interests of all the powers demand that an end should quickly be made to the present insupportable situation. The St. Petersburg Vedomosti declares the aims of Russia evident and certain, and offensive towards no one. They consist in the constitution of independent Sclave States on the Peninsula and in the opening of the Dardanelles. No power, it says, could have more moderate wishes, but it is necessary that they should be achieved even at the cost of great trouble, for no other flag than the Russian ought to be allowed to wave on the Bosphorus. Word goes from Berlin to London that it is supposed Russia intends profiting by the present situation in the peninsula to carry out the programme of the treaty of San Stefano.

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The passing events of the current year suggest the observation that, while the two great political parties of the country are marshaling their energies for a spirited canvas of the popular vote, the great agricultural fraternities of New England are joining their forces for an impressive public exhibition of their own peculiar power, and for a just public illustration of their increasing capabilities. We are privileged, as it seems, to repeat a remark not infrequently made in these columns, to the effect that agriculture happily offers a field, and a large and welcome one, on which men of the most hostile opinions, politically and otherwise, can meet in fraternal relations and work for a common purpose.

Of the New England Agricultural Society it is to be said, that it now has an existence of seventeen years, the Fair of the present year being the seventeenth successive one in the Society's history. All similar organizations may be successfully challenged to furnish a parallel. Formed from representations from several States, its prolonged existence, in a condition of constantly increasing activity and influence, is a fact to be pointed to as a remarkable and most significant one in our agricultural history. That such an organization, thus composed and inspired, can continue its work uninterruptedly for so many years, is without a parallel in the country. That is enough to test its vitality and establish its success.

While the Society has held its own annual Fairs continuously, and confirmed and strengthened its own organization with each revolving year, it has visibly revived and recruited local organizations in whatever section of New England it has so freely joined hands with them. In Maine, in New Hampshire, in Vermont, in Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, and in Connecticut, it has held its exhibitions one after the other, according as each of these States, through its agricultural organization, could prepare to unite with the New England Society in its purposes, or as each felt the need of being strengthened by the concentrated agricultural influence of all the New England States on its own local organization.

Instead of absorbing from the local societies, it has contributed to them and recruited them. Instead of exacting of them, it has been their constant benefactor. No organization could well be more unselfish, open-handed, out-reaching, distributing; and it is on this rare, but greatly needed, combination of elements that its successful existence really turns. It is by reason of this combination that it resuscitates and renews, revives and recruits. This is the true secret too, of its prolonged and vigorous existence. And its perpetuity may be said to be well assured while it can successfully claim such elements for its composition. Every local organization has long since learned to look forward to its coming with grateful kindness, and four of the New England states have welcomed its return with sincere satisfaction and pleasure; while Worcester, even for the third successive year, has sought to avail herself of the potent influence of its presence and to reinforce her agricultural spirit with its confessedly powerful assistance.

It needs only to be fairly understood to be appreciated, that such a society for the advancement of the cause of Agriculture in New England is carrying on its operations from year to year. No other section of the country, consisting of a similar combination of States, can claim the benefit of a like organization, —one that gives new strength to others without taking any from them. To unite in holding up its high and generous purposes should continue to be the ardent desire of all the agriculturists of New England. And this is the distinctive and admirable feature to be noted in the character of the New England society.

Without in any sense claiming to be the parent of any of the State Societies, as historically it could not claim to be; without offering anything like patronage to them in their several capacities, it has generously given of itself to them whenever the opportunity offered, and expanded them by the sheer force of its own larger example and efforts. Its office has been to give out rather than to claim. It has sought only to build up and strengthen and animate the local organizations instead of itself. The controlling motive has been the opposite of self-calculation and self-seeking. Its aim has been to impart life rather than to measure and weigh it. It is the one organization that gives but does not take — that is a benefactor without levying an assessment.

COMPULSORY SAVINGS.

The plan of compelling laborers of all classes to lay by enough of their earnings to provide for sickness and old age has of late been advocated with considerable earnestness by certain English writers who urge that such savings be kept and accumulated for them by the government. It is a scheme almost visibly related to that of compulsory education. It might do as a protective proposition in a country in which property is taxed, as in England and under the provisions of a poor law — the argument being, that unless the workmen are forced to save something for themselves while they are able the poor rates may swallow up all taxable property in the end.

But in a country like France, much more in one like the United States, where there is no poor law, but the helpless poor are supported by general forms of charity, such a scheme would not appeal with any force whatever to the rich and well-to-do, since they have no desire to be relieved from poor rates. Besides, no law that could possibly be exacted would make the French people more frugal and thrifty than they are now. They are saving by habit, which has become a second nature and thrift has become a national trait. Would that as much could be said for the American people. For all that, a plan has been recently brought forward in the French Chamber of Deputies, which not only compels workmen to set aside a certain portion of their present earnings but also compels employers and the government together to contribute as much as the workmen themselves.

THE NARRAGANSETT DISASTER.

From the investigation of this recent catastrophe, now going forward, many things are brought into public view of which little or nothing was definitely known. One thing appears to be certain as the result of it, and that is that steamboat navigation across Long Island Sound is at present conducted according to a system whose rigid requirements surprise all who for the first time now become personally cognizant of them. Navigation across the Sound is thus placed on a firm footing in the public mind, since it could not well be otherwise where such an amount of habitual care was taken by pilots and officers. But it is in the signal system that the fatal defect is to be found. It is made evident that the officers were practically ignorant of whistle signalling, and that that was the final cause of the catastrophe of last month.

There is still another feature of the case, and one of the utmost importance and expressiveness. So long as the officers of these steamers feel not only warranted but compelled to take on board all the passengers who offer themselves, there is manifestly no real security for anybody. The testimony of the chief officer of the ill-fated Narragansett plainly shows that he would not have hesitated to take a thousand persons on board if so many had applied for passage that night, whereas the law only permits her to carry five hundred and eighty. What remedy, pray, does the public possess, when the officers of steamboats presume to defy the law in this way? Unless some method is devised for announcing to every one intending to go how many others are already on board, there is nothing left but the chances.

THE SUPPLY OF GRAIN.

The season has advanced far enough to enable experts to estimate fairly the amount of the new grain crop, and thus, by forming a comparison with that of Europe, to judge of the probable surplus which American farmers will have to dispose of. According to all accounts, domestic and foreign, the over-supply is to be an unprecedented one for the farmers of this country, which will necessarily bring low prices. So that, while the situation may not be highly promising for the agriculturists, it will be just what the general consuming public would chiefly desire. The estimate is that, after satisfying an export demand such as arises during years of average grain crops abroad, the United States will have a surplus remaining of 170,000,000 bushels.

The actual figures in the case are as follows: the crop of this country for the present year is set down at 494,000,000 bushels; taking out 250,000,000 bushels for home consumption and for seed, there will be left a surplus of 244,000,000 bushels; and allowing 73,000,000 bushels for ordinary export requirements, there will still remain a surplus of 171,000,000 bushels. In case of any unexpected adversity between this and the time of securing the harvest, the supply and surplus would be only so much reduced below the above figures. But these are the ones on which we have to rely at present, and they will probably suffer little or no disturbance. We may expect a larger export to fill up the depleted stocks of Europe.

Allowing that, under all the circumstances, we shall have at least 100,000,000 bushels surplus, there arises a dispute among the financial papers and circulars as to its salability. One journal remarks that "we can put down our wheat at Liverpool cheaper than any country in the world can afford to sell theirs, and still make money in wheat-raising. As our production enlarges, therefore, we shall market it the same, for we shall crowd out other producers." To which another replies,—"that is begging a very important and difficult question. With fifteen cents freight from New York to Liverpool, and thirty-five cents more for carrying from the field to the Atlantic seaboard, it is not likely that the western farmer will be in a very flattering position for competing with the European farmer."

For all that, however, it holds that the latter will be compelled to sell this year's product for what he can get for it; and, having done that, only an ordinary supply will be needed from this country. And it adds the opinion that present prospects have a very serious look for the farmers of both hemispheres, for, with such an unprecedented over-supply as appears probable, in this country, extraordinarily low prices for wheat seem inevitable. Nevertheless it is a fact that wheat keeps over, and that large continuous crops are not the rule for any country. We can see pretty plainly where we stand in reference to our grain crops and our export prospects, and begin to govern ourselves accordingly. One thing is certain; food will be cheap, and industrial activity cannot but increase in consequence.

Trade and Finance.—**The close similarity** between the condition of business this year and last is remarked by many, and faint hopes are entertained that the result of this year's commercial and financial work will be as good as that of its predecessor. It is said with truth that if the crops of England and other European countries are an improvement on the past, they will enable foreign nations to purchase increased supplies of our cotton, to say nothing of our tobacco, in each of which staples we are to be liberally illustrated. In the face of improved crops abroad generally, it is confidently expected by some that our export trade will be fully as large as it was last year, and even more profitable. It is also to be said that, labor at home being better occupied, the power of consumption is increased correspondingly Immigration, too, adds a potent element to the situation.

Railroad Earnings.—*Poor's Manual*, to be issued this week, shows that the aggregate gross earnings of all the railroads from whic'i reports have been received, covering some 84,000 miles, reached in 1879 the enormous sum of $529,000,000 in round numbers, which are the largest railroad earnings ever reported, even exceeding those of 1873. The percentage of increase over 1878 was eight per cent. The charges for moving freight, however, have been reduced during the year in an almost equal ratio to the increase in earnings. The reduction in rates on the New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania roads alone amounted to over $9,000,000, or fifty per cent. more than the increased earnings which have accrued to the companies. Which simply means that the public has gained just that amount in the reduced price it has had to pay for every article transported; while these three roads, for doing the work which a year ago would have netted them $16,000,000 above the earnings of the previous year, have a gain of only $6,000,000 to show for it.

Irish Relief Bill.—The relief bill for Ireland has at last passed the British House of Commons. Mr. Forster, Secretary for Ireland, presented certain significant figures to parliament relative to the savings banks' deposits in Ireland. They go to show that, during the twelve months ending December 31st. last, the increase in the deposits of the post office savings banks in Ireland amounted to $457,500—a larger increase than in any year since 1870 except two. This increase has been expanded during the first quarter of the current year, showing it to be at the rate of $600,000 for the year. It extends over every country but two, and in these two the decrease is very small. America has contributed a million dollars this year to Ireland's needs, while her own savings have not been encroached upon.

Landing of the Needle.—The famous Cleopatra's Needle having at length arrived safely in New York Bay, the next question will be the landing of it and placing it in the location finally selected for its reception. It seems like an anomaly to bring a relic of the hoary centuries like this to the busy mart of modern trade and industry, with the intention of erecting it in the midst of surging life and restless activity. Yet this is just what the removal has been made for, although those who planned and executed it have not as yet troubled themselves to let us into the philosphy of the movement. It seems to us as if the ancient past ought to continue to stand out by itself in the solitude, or, recumbent on the drifting and piling sands, tell its mute lesson to the coming ages, as it has told it to ours. But this is an age of incongruity, as well as of change, and possibly there is no use in trying to account for it at all.

Turkey and Greece.—Turkey is making extended preparations, in the event of hostilities with Greece. Troops, artillery and ammunition are being sent to Salonica, and other points. Orders have been telegraphed to the provinces, that recruits be forwarded to the several depots without delay. Encouragement is given the Albanians to prepare for resistance, and they are receiving supplies of arms and ammunition. The only thing at present known with certainty is, that to the military demonstration of the Greeks backed only by the moral support of Europe, the Turks will never yield. They are sufficiently well convinced that they can repe any regular military force which Greece alone can bring against them, while the Albanian Bashi-Bazouks are relied on to destroy with ease any irregular forces. But the trouble with Turkey happens to be that she cannot afford the expense of a war. It is in comparatively easy circumstances at present, but it is hard to say how long they will continue.

The growth of the boot and shoe business in Lynn may be shown by the fact that, in 1810 there were manufactured about 1,000,000 pairs, amounting in value to $800,000. The earnings of the female binders reached $50,000. In 1830 the number of pairs made was 1,670,000, Lynnfield and Saugus having been set off in the mean time. In 1855 the number of pairs was 9,275,000, Swampscott and Nahant having been set off. At the present time about 10,000,000 pairs per year are made, and so many of these are of a costly kind that it is fair to place the average at about $1.30 per pair. The number of shoe manufactories in Lynn in 1879 was 178, and the number of cases of boots and shoes manufactured in the same year, ending Sept. 1, was 229,683.

READ AND RUN:

—The British parliament appears to have the choice of a session prolonged until September or an abandonment of several of the government bills. Further withdrawals from the Liberal party are more than hinted.

—It is not believed that Greece single-handed, will be able to cope with the Albanians.

—A comprehensive scheme is on foot for building elevated railroads throughout Boston and into the suburbs.

—The venerable Peter Cooper, who is now in the ninetieth year of his age, has been very ill of late, but is now convalescent.

—There will be one-third fewer estates sold for taxes this year by the city than were sold last year.

—Mrs. Van Cott, the female evangelist, has completely broken down in her nervous system, and is compelled to retire from public service.

—A rigid examination of the Narragansett disaster is to be made by the government.

—Montreal is talking rather seriously of becoming a free port, hoping by this means to entice Western trade.

—The invested funds of Harvard University amount to four million dollars.

—Mrs. D. P. Stone, of Malden, offers to finish Memorial Hall, at Bowdoin College, and to give $60,000 besides to endow the chair in mental and moral philosophy.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has recently been making a tour of inspection of the New England custom-houses, of which there is a fair share.

—A gang of burglars has been making a raid on a portion of Fall River.

—After making all proper allowances, it is asserted on good authority that the national census of 1880 will show our national wealth to be not less than fifty thousand millions of dollars against forty-two thousand millions for Great Britain, and forty-six thousand millions for France.

—Even the most sanguine bulls of the New York stock market say they expect a "big break" in the market before we enter upon the autumn season, but that prices will go a great deal higher first.

—The committee on public grounds is considering the advisability of sinking wells on the Common, in order to secure a supply of cold water for drinking purposes.

—Bismarck has recovered from neuralgia and rheumatism, and has been working very hard of late.

—Jerusalem, in Maine, boasts of a population of twenty-one persons.

—The Astor Library, of New York, sends its books to England to be bound, as a matter of economy.

—The Concord School of Philosophy has been holding its summer session during the last two weeks.

—The Shaker Society at Enfield now has but 144 members.

—We are informed by an English weatherwise person that we are on the eve of the next heat wave.

—During one of the extremely hot days of the present season, about two and one half more gallons of water were used than during any day of average summer weather.

—Travel into the Yosemite Valley this season has been greatly obstructed by the late snows.

—A double track is soon to be constructed on the Revere Beach railroad, owing to the increase of business.

—Conversation was carried on, last Sunday, by telephone, between Springfield and Boston, by way of Hartford and Providence, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles.

—The Boston stock market presents the activity of last winter, except in copper stocks.

—The Mexican Veterans had a reunion last Monday at Nantasket Beach.

—The most of the distress in Ireland appears to be over. There is a great exodus of Irish agricultural laborers to England, averaging one thousand per day.

—The main crop of peaches will begin to arrive in Boston on the 24th, by way of the New York and New England Railroad.

—The potato crop in Ireland promises an excellent harvest.

—China professes to have a navy big enough to come over and devastate every town on the Pacific coast, which is considered reason enough for our practising a little more caution in respect to the matter of Chinese emigration.

—**It is denied that there is any yellow fever at New Orleans, but that is generally the way.**

—Streaks of east wind from day to day have made the past week exceptionally comfortable.

—Next December there will be held a fair in the city, in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

—The city Club-houses are deserted, and the servants in some town places are now enjoying all that their employers have abandoned.

—The interior is daily coming down to the coast in full numbers, so that the back towns and cities for a time wear an air of desertion.

—According to all accounts of correspondents, New Mexico is not the perfect paradise to live in that some of the sanguine mine and railroad owners would have us believe.

—Terrible wind storms in New Hampshire and Pennsylvania last week.

—The fruit crop of the country is to be a full one, notwithstanding the early croaking about frost among the fruit buds.

—Gas stocks have stiffened up very much of late, in view of the conclusion reached that the electric light is in no practical sense a success.

—The boot and shoe trade in this market is extremely active up to the present time.

—The recent rains have done almost incalculable good to the crops of the state.

—The Ottoman power is responding very slowly to the united request of the European powers.

—The bodies of at least two hundred persons who have been drowned in Cayuga Lake within the past forty years, have never been recovered.

—Cleopatra's Needle may be expected to reach New York somewhere about August 1st, and the talk of preparations for its disposal is much stimulated in consequence.

—The amount required for the public schools of Boston for the coming year is $1,443,246.

—The lumber people are flattering themselves that a "boom" is immediately before them.

—Men who are boarding in the country for the season can readily be told by the eagerness with which they go at their daily lunch in town.

—The Concord summer school of philosophy invites comment from journals ambitious of being thought a trifle profound.

—Self-control, observes the London Saturday Review, speaking of the habitual neglect of men of genius, is not so easily cultivated in a mind that is tormented with a burning sense of injustice.

—The board of examiners think that more attention should be paid, at West Point, to composition and elocution.

—For the past week, moonlight excursions in the harbor have been in order.

—The hope is publicly expressed that the advertising feature will be kept out of the September 17th city procession.

—It is reported from London that negotiations are on foot for a cessation of the competition of the new French Cable Company.

—The Illinois Central Railroad officials are agitating the propriety of changing their road from Cairo to New Orleans from five feet to the standard gauge.

—Eight ladies are said to have been found in the hull of the fated Narragansett.

—A single case of yellow fever is reported at Memphis, the first supposed case this year.

—The Newton Natural History Society has been holding field meetings about the woodland and wild portions of Newton, and on Saturday last one party went on an excursion to Prospect Hill, Waltham.

—Hon. Stephen L. Logan, of Illinois, a former law partner of Abraham Lincoln, died recently, at the age of eighty-one years.

—Rev. Samuel Nichols, probably the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the country, died near Bridgeport, Conn., last week, at the age of ninety-three years.

—A Pennsylvania medical society has passed resolutions to the effect that Dr. Tanner's attempt to fast for forty days in New York is inimical to the interests of science.

—Gov. Long will take command of the military in person, and on horseback, on the occasion of the city celebration, Sept. 17th.

—Mr. Beecher is off on his summer vacation until October.

—Sarah Bernhardt's Boston engagement is for two weeks, beginning December 6th

—The Portuguese government has applied to Capt. Eads, of Mississippi fame, for his terms for plans for the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the River Douro, at Oporto.

—The New York *Times* says that household expenses in that city have increased from twenty to thirty per cent. during the past year, so that an income of two thousand dollars will go no further now than one of sixteen hundred would last year.

—Dr. Tanner declares the first thing he will have when he finishes his fast is a water-melon.

—Neptunite, the so styled new discovery, which renders fabrics imperious to water, is expected to work a revolution in domestic affairs.

—The Pall Mall *Gazette* says that it is characteristic of Mr. Bret Harte's work, that it relies very little upon the merely mechanical arts of misspelling.

The Grange Mass Meeting.—Brother Woodman, Master of the National Grange, will be first received on his contemplated visit to New England by Grange Mass Meetings in Massachusetts, as follows:—Pittsfield or vicinity on August 5; at Amherst on the grounds of the Mass. Agricultural College, August 6; and at Sterling Junction Grove, August 19. Able speakers will be present on each of these most interesting occasions, and timely notice of all details will be given to the public through the papers. The greatest efforts are making by the committee of arrangements to insure for these mass meetings of the farmers a success that shall deservedly be called brilliant.

Wind, Hail and Rain.—A terrific storm of rain, wind and hail struck the city of Baltimore on Tuesday night last, about midnight, which is recorded as one of the most fearful known in that vicinity. For two hours the rain came down in torrents, with accompaniments of crashing thunder and vivid lightning, inundating several sections of the city, and compelling the inmates of houses to flee where they stand on the lines of covered streams passing through the city. The rainfall in the city amounted to 3.49 inches. The same storm extended over a region of country embraced in such widely separated points as Danville, Va., Carlisle, Penn., Harrisburg, and Wilkesbarre. Cattle were killed buildings were demolished, and very great damage was done to the crops, including tobacco. The rivers rose many feet, and the devastation was as thorough as it was extended.

McPHAIL & Co.'s PIANO.—We exaggerate in no respect when we call special attention to the superior merits of the Imperial Upright Pianos of the above house, whose reputation needs no endorsement at our hands. The tones of the McPhail & Co.'s instrument are positively thrilling. The first touch of the keys evoke a response from the heart of the listener. There is no instrument manufactured that surpasses this one in point of tone. One of them stands in the warerooms of the firm in this city, which has not been tuned since it was set up there; and the quality of the music called forth from it is such as to surprise all listeners. The tone is full, deep, rich, and free, very much resembling that of a Full Grand Piano. The base notes possess a deep sonority, and the registers betray an evenness, and the treble has a clear ringing quality that impresses the hearer with a sense of the real character of the instrument. The singing quality, which experts will readily understand, is admirable; and the action is so even that no exertion is required in playing it. The special features of the Imperial Upright Grand Piano are the double-flanged iron frame and patent steel compensating rods, which enable great power and richness of tone to be produced without rendering the instrument liable to get out of tune. The advertisement in another column is well worth reading.

☞ *Parker & Gunnett* urge all those farmers who are about to plough their land for Hungarian and Millet to make an examination of the IXL Swivel Plough which they have for sale at their extensive agricultural warehouse and seedstore. A firm of such high standing may be relied on not to recommend an implement to farmers of whose practical qualities they were not themselves perfectly well assured. Their announcement elsewhere will attract attention. The IXL Swivel is a Plough in whose praise thousands of farmers enthusiastically join.

☞ *The New England Paint and Oil Company* offer a quality of Slate Roofing Paint which, as they confidently claim, saves reshingling, stops leaks, and is both fire and water proof. The peculiar points about this paint are briefly stated by the Company in their advertisement in another place. It will repay all who are about to administer new coverings to the roofs of their buildings, to read what they have to say of this Slate Roofing Paint in another column.

Amasa Pike, of Salisbury, Mass., was arrested by Mr. Baker, of M. S. P. C. to Animals, while driving a disabled horse through the streets on Saturday. He was arraigned in court in Newburyport and held to appear for trial.

Deputy Collector Chase has prepared approximate estimates on the catch of fish at Swampscott and Nahant for the quarter ending June 20. The catch as marketed was as follows: Salted codfish, 300,000 pounds; dried and salted fish, 3,000 pounds; lobsters, 13,000; fresh fish, by daily catch, 720,000 pounds. The estimated value of this is about $38,000.

Thomas Kelly, of Lowell, while intoxicated, stole a team as the corner of Merrimac and Shattuck streets Saturday afternoon, driving off Miss Carrie Waterman of East Chelmsford, and left standing there. Miss Waterman afterwards saw Kelly driving rapidly through Middlesex street, and running into the team, grasped the bridle and held the horse until assistance arrived to arrest the thief. Miss Waterman prevented serious injury to a lady and gentleman by a runaway accident by stopping a frightened horse, during a circus procession on one of the principal streets a few weeks since.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the drinking of bitters and poisons, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

HUNDREDS OF LADIES

Who have been unable to attend to their duties owing to periodical sickness, have found Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure a real "friend in need." Being a purely vegetable compound and containing all the elements of safety as well as those of power it has become specially popular. During the summer especially, it is a certain preventive for the numerous Kidney, and Urinary troubles incident to the season. All druggists sell it, and none except those in *perfect* health can afford to be without it.

COUNTERFEITS are always made to *look* as near like the *original* as possible. Housekeepers are cautioned against the many worthless and damaging imitations of "JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE," some put up in *similar looking* packages, and others with names *sounding like Pearline*, which dealers may endeavor to urge upon them.

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow has many friends.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet NavyTobacco

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 20th, by Rev. A. H. Plumb, C. S. Adams of Framingham to Mrs. S. A. Webster of this city.

In Charlestown District, July 19th, by Rev. Dr. Lambert, Mr. Walter Brown to Miss Anne L. Page.

In Newtonville, July 19th, by Rev. T. W. Bishop, Mr. Fred C. Morgan to Miss S. L. Harrington, both of Newton.

In Quincy, July 15th, by Rev. E. A. Perry, Mr. Isaac S. Leonard to Mrs. Sarah J. Worcester, all of Quincy.

In Newburyport, July 13 h, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. George W. Wood sell, jr., to Sarah G. Stockman.

In Newburyport, July 14th, by Rev. S. J. Spalding, D. D., Edwin W. Pearson to Lizzie M. Hason.

In South Braintree, July 15th, by Rev. N. T. Dyer of Middleboro', Mr. Brainard T. Dyer to Miss E. Maud Smith, both of South Braintree.

In Newburyport, July 18th, by Rev. S. J. Spalding, D. D., Arthur C. Davis to Julia E. Brown, both of Newburyport.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 17th, Rev. Samuel Cutler, former rector of the First Reformed Episcopal Church in Boston.

In this city, July 15th, Mary, wife of late Edward Rogers, 80 years.

In this city, July 19th, Mrs. Fanny Buckminster Morey, widow of the late Hon. George Morey, 85 yrs

In Charlestown District, Hannah, wife of Patrick Cummins, 55 years.

In Lexington, July 18th, Philip Kelly, formerly of Boston, 60 years.

In Sherborn, July 18th, Evelyn H., wife of George B. Dowse, 35 years 10 months.

In Concord, Mass., Edward P. Milner.

In South Boston, July 16th, Mrs. Abbie F. Barnes, wife of W. F. Barnes, and daughter of the late Thomas Jordan of East Braintree, 38 years 9 months.

In Newburyport, July 13th, Mrs. Mary B., widow of Mr. Joshua Aubin.

In South Duxbury, July 18th, Helen S., wife of Gamaliel Arnold, and daughter of Zilba Hunt, 31 years 10 months 11 days.

In Mason, N. H., July 15th, William W. Orne of Marblehead, 79 years 8 months 4 days.

In Newport, R. I., July 19th, Charles F. Lyman.

In West Harriaville, N. H., July 6th, Sherman Derby, 72 years.

In Arlington, Mass., July 19th, Ida F. Butler, only daughter of Elbridge and Nellie M. Farmer.

In Boothbay, Me., July 17th, Mr. Willard Holton, 87 years 10 months 7 days.

In Milton, July 17th, Amelia E. Russell, daughter of the late Jonathan Russell, in the 83d year of her age.

In Wyoming, July 18th, Horace P. Milton, 43 yrs.

In Oakland, Cal., July 18th, William Colville, formerly of Milton, Mass., 44 years 6 months.

In Newton Lower Falls, July 16th, Mary F. Williams, daughter of the late Silas Williams, 66 years

In Belmont, July 18th, Emily W., wife of Albert J. Breed, 40 years.

In Brookline, July 13th, Sarah Fisher, wife of Thomas Hovey.

In Keene, N. H., July 20th, Mrs. Lois W. Beal, widow of the late Joseph Beal, formerly of Nelson, N. H., 79 years 4 months.

In Denver, Col., June 27th, Frank W. Cram, formerly of Boston, 43 years.

In Belmont, July 20th, Otis Briggs, 71 yrs, 8 mos.

In Uxbridge, July 19th, Mrs. Abby Day, relict of the late Joseph Day, 81 years.

In Gardiner, Me., July 18th, Harrison G. Lowel of Cambridgeport.

In Milton, July 21st, Mr. John Sias, 86 years.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

There is a firmer feeling for Cheese, with an increased demand; the sales have been at 8½@8c for choice; 7½@8c for fair to good, and 4½@4¾c for ℔ lb for common.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The demand is fair, and prices are firm, but manufacturers and dealers are moving cautiously, and decline to purchase at the extreme prices in the country. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces; X XX and No. 1 at 45@50c; considerable Michigan 40@42c for X, and 43@48c for medium and No. 1; and combing and delaine fleeces at 44@50c ℔ lb. Pulled Wools are in fair demand at 42@52c ℔ lb for super and X; and very choice supers are held at 55c ℔ lb. California Wool has been in fair demand at 30@38c ℔ lb for spring. No movement of any importance in foreign.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 24.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veals
This week..	6459	8705		11250	634
Last week..	4468	9403		10223	818
One yr ago..	4696	12018		11350	396

Horses.....195

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 50@6 75; first quality, $6 00@6 25; second quality, $5 00@5 50; third quality, $4 50@4 75; a few choice sugar parts, $7 00@7 12½; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 00@4 25.

Working Oxen.—$100@160@ ; @ handy steers, $75@110 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $30, @35; extra, $40@45; farrow and dry, $12@25. Fancy Cows, $50@60.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $7 00@14 00; two-year olds, $12@20; three-year olds, $22@28.

Sheep, Wool—Per lb, live, 3½@4c; extra 4½@5c. Sheep and Lambs ℔ head, in lots, $2 50@5 00, @ . Lambs 5½@7c ℔ lb. Sheared Sheep— @ c. Spring Lambs @c ℔ lb.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 5½@6c, live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @ c. N Y Pigs, @ Northern Dressed Hogs, &c.

Veal Calves.—2½@3c ℔ lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 4½@5c ℔ lb; country lots, 7@8c

Calf Skins.—15@18c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 4@4c ℔; country lots, 3½@4c

Pelts.—25@40c each; Country lots, 25@30c each; Sheared Skins, c each; Lamb Skins, 50@75 each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine.....	66		New York.	45	1174
N. Hampshire	34	258	R Island....		....
Vermont.....	101	1234	Western.	6212	5388
Massachusetts	1	130	Canada.....		641
Connecticut.					
Total.....				6459	8705

Left over.....

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg....	1412	1509	Eastern	68	
Lowell, ...	33	2028	Boston&Me.		
Boston & Alb.	4946	1568	On foot&boats		
Total.....				6459	8705

Drovers & Droves.	Cattle and Sheep
Cattle. Sheep.	Cattle. Sheep
Maine.	**New York.**
Libby & Son.... 39	H Lawrence.... 173
Rackliff-Howe . 15	S F Woodbridge..... 18
Kidridge Bros.. 8	
Mr Grant 13	G P Flack..... 141
New Hampshire.	G McBride..... 109
Aldrich-Johnson 33 16	B Hariburt..... 14 47
Dow & Moulton. 1 9	J Rutherford.... 4 110
W W Austin.... 106	G W Hollis..... 388
J B Gordon..... 134	D Fisher..... 9 47
Vermont.	O C Robinson.... 150
W Ricker..... 2 62	**Western States.**
Kidder & Robinson..... 4 54	A N Monroe.. 2204
B S Hastings.. 1 209	A J Hathaway & Co..... 1024
S M Flint..... 1 118	G W Hollis..... 3544
J G Kimball.... 89	D Fisher..... 240
G W Clark..... 112	G A Sawyer..... 440
J M Joslyn 14 68	T M Duche & Son..... 244
F S Kimball.... 7 30	G H Hammond 1008
M G Flanders.. 7 30	H B Good-enough..... 200
Hall-Seaver.... 3 50	J Bing

FISH CULTURE AND FISH DESTRUCTION.

The boatman who pulls his craft through the great fields of eel grass that is so often found in our shallow bays and harbors does not enjoy it, for it impedes his progress most seriously, but to one fond of studying the habits of fish, these watery meadows are fruitful fields, for they are the nurseries in which fish are reared. In those aquatic thickets the young fish find shelter and protection from their numerous enemies.

On a calm day, as the observer floats noiselessly with the tide over such a place, he will find an unexpected wealth of life below him. It is like a tropical cane brake on a small scale, with water in place of air, with fish and crustacea instead of birds and quadrupeds. It is a little busy world of young life. Here the cod, haddock, hake, mackerel, tautog, and many other kinds of fish may be seen, so small as to escape the attention of eyes unskilled, and larger ones in little swarms frolic in the cool shadows. How suddenly they fly to shelter when some predatory cunner darts among them, making their playmates one the less.

Their enemies are very numerous, but the most voracious and fatal of all are the pogie fishermen, who, in order to catch a few barrels of alewives for bait, drag their great nets through all such nurseries, and thus destroy these mines of wealth that formerly fed so largely the people of the coast.

The sounds and seas, each creek and bay, With fry innumerable swarm; and shoals Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales, Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft Bank the mid-sea, or under rocks their food In jointed armor watch."

Within the memory of those who still enjoy fishing this was as true as in Milton's time. In every harbor fish were abundant, but now little else than disappointment awaits him who would spend a day at fishing, for the supply is well nigh exhausted.

But a very small portion of the public comprehend the extent of this wholesale destruction of a most valuable article of food. Let any one search along the beaches of the Beverly shore after the pogie fishermen have been seining and a southerly wind has been blowing and he will find among the seaweed and eel grass that these nets have torn from the bottom an immense amount of fish and lobsters in the form of spawn and in the various stages of development, decaying in the sun. Or let him be near when the great trap nets that so frequently obstruct the passages between the islands that dot the coast from Salem to Magnolia are being emptied and he will be amazed at the great quantities of cod, haddock, hake, tautog and cunners that have been killed, and, being too small for market, are thrown into the sea again.

While the Government with most commendable zeal is striving to increase the supply of food fish by artificial breeding and stocking the bays and harbors, these ruthless pogie seiners and trappers are exterminating them at a vastly more rapid rate. And until something is done to check this, it is useless for the Government to attempt to reclaim these worthless fields lain waste by them. While Prof. Baird pours in at the spigot, they draw off at the bunghole.

If the fish would enter our harbors they encounter long nets and are conducted into great traps, where destruction awaits them. If a few are fortunate enough to escape these villainous inventions, and deposit their spawn in sheltered places, they are soon swept by the long seines, and many millions of what would be valuable fish are destroyed.

Is it wise to allow so great a waste for a few barrels of fish? Is it not killing the goose that would lay golden eggs if we would permit her? If there are laws against this terrible destruction why are they not enforced? And if there are none, it is high time some were added to our statutes.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

James Smith was drowned at Clinton, Mass., by the upsetting of a boat.

Mrs. Mary Frye, insane, hung her baby to a bedpost on Sunday, at Ft. Madison, Iowa.

A school of whales was seen off Egg Rock on Sunday. Some parties saw two of the monsters, others saw six.

Mrs. Rebecca Cobb's barn at West Orange, Mass., was struck by lightning and burned Friday. Loss $2500.

Geo. Lee was shot dead by Charles Ranales in a fight about a white woman, in Chicago, on Sunday morning.

John Gaffney was killed and two miners seriously injured on Saturday night by an explosion of gas in a steel pit at Harrisburg, Pa.

Patrick Geran of Holyoke, Mass., was seriously, perhaps fatally, shot in the temple by a companion with a revolver, which was supposed not loaded.

Charles Durrell, aged 24 and unmarried, was drowned at South Newmarket, N. H., by the capsizing of a boat. His body was recovered.

Thomas Murphy and James Hursch were arrested on Sunday at Oxford, Iowa, for murdering a young man named Curry in a street re-cent.

A barn in Noblesboro', Me., owned by Fred Moore, was struck and burned by lightning Saturday night. Loss, $1000; insurance, $800.

Mary Graham, a young colored girl who recently graduated from the University of Michigan, has been appointed a teacher in Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo.

Charles Hunter, of Strong, Me., seventeen years old, was drowned while bathing in Sandy River, Sunday. He was the son of Hannibal Hunter.

A distinguished dentist asserts that not less than half a ton of pure gold, costing about $500,000, is annually packed away in the mouths of Americans.

An odd sight at Stockbridge, Mass., is a swarm of honey bees suspended from the Episcopal Church tower, 45 feet from the ground, where they have been making honey for some days.

Fifty years ago, it cost $7.50 to go by stage from Boston to Providence, and thence by steamer to New York. Now, the journey from Boston to New York over the same route costs $5.

At Chicopee, Mass., a boy 12 years old, named Casenove, had his skull fractured by a kick from a horse, and is in a critical condition. Joseph King, another boy, was kicked by a cow and his shin-bone broken.

A despatch from Noank states that seven bodies were found in the hull of the Narragansett when at Oyster Bay and only one since her arrival at Noank. It will take three months to rebuild the Narragansett.

At Louisville, Ky., C. Davidson, a wealthy farmer, while drunk, Sunday night, drove Alexander Taylor out of a grocery, and shot him dead, then fatally beat a negro with his gun, jumped into his buggy and drove off.

The smelting works of Edgemogging Silver Mining Company, of Sedgwick, Me., were struck by lightning Saturday night and burned. The works were elaborate and erected at large expense.

A party of thieves rowed into Marblehead harbor on Saturday night, broke into Thomas Gilbert's store, and stole a chest of tea and other articles.

For the year ending the 30th of June last, 330 à two were purchased in the Montreal market and shipped to the United States, at a cost of $270,000.

A year log of thirty acres in Bangor, Me., belonging to Freeman Spencer, has been burning since June. In some places the soil is burnt to the depth of two feet.

It is said that the widow of William Bullock, the printing press inventor, has accepted two millions of dollars in settlement for his patents, from Hoe & Company.

A recent comparison shows that 2,420,000 gallons of water more were used in Boston during one of the extreme hot days than during any day of average summer weather.

Belfast Bay (Me.) is swarming with mackerel large and fat, which are being caught by the dozen, by the barrel, by the boat load. The mackerel harvest promises to be as great as that of last summer, which was as large as ever known.

Constable Phipps of Hopkington, Mass., has arrested Dorcett Porter, the burglar who entered the store of F. W. Smith on the night of July 16th. He was found in a barn where he had concealed himself, and had oversleept.

A Memphis despatch of July 19, states that a travelling salesman from Trenton, N. J., was taken sick last night with all the symptoms of yellow fever. This is the first supposed case this year.

The rain and hail storm of Friday afternoon proves to have been very destructive at Fitch Bay, Quebec. Hailstones measuring 4½ inches in circumference and weighing 1½ ounces were picked up. The crops are nearly destroyed, and the glass nearly all broken in the place.

A telegram from Matamoras says the American Government has asked permission for General Hatch to cross into Mexico in pursuit of Victoria and his Indians, but that the Mexican Government objects because of the apprehension that this crossing will degenerate into a system of campaigning, thereby awakening hostile feelings among the Mexicans.

A young man belonging in Newburyport, Mass., but at work in Boston, while asleep on one of the settees on the Common one evening last week was awakened by a man picking his pocket. Before he could grab him the thief got away with a pocket book containing two coppers and a linden half dollar. His week's wages were in another pocket.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worthy all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a case as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

NERVE POWER.

Few people suffer so much nervous exhaustion as newspaper editors. The wear and tear of getting out a good paper tells fearfully, and readers seldom know how much vital force a single item may have cost the one who wrote it. Editors are often been driven to drink in order to stimulate their exhausted faculties, but of late are using Warner's Safe Nervine instead. This valuable preparation acts as a soothing power, quieting the nerves and producing sleep with all unpleasantness that is brings.

Dr. J. A. Sherman,

NOW AT HIS BOSTON OFFICE.

RELIEF AND CURE OF

Rupture

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, specialist in the treatment of Hernia or Rupture for the past 40 years, and the inventor and discoverer of the only known successful method for its immediate relief and effectual cure, without the dreadful injuries invariably resulting from continued truss pressure, respectfully notifies his patients and those who wish to receive the benefit of his experience and remedies, that he is now at his

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These are truths, and to close your eyes to them or endeavor to dismiss them from your mind, reader, will not change the result, but number you at an earlier or later period among those who have been lost through the neglect of duty.

Dr. Sherman's Book on Rupture gives the most reliable proofs from distinguished professional gentlemen, clergymen and merchants of his successful practice and popularity therefrom throughout this country and the West Indies. The afflicted should read it and inform themselves. It is illustrated with photographic likenesses of extremely bad cases, before and after cure, and mailed to those who send 10 cents. Principal Office, 251 Broadway, New York.

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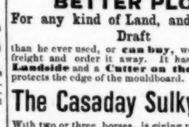

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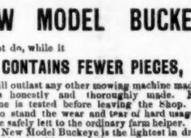

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25 CENTS.

SEND 25 cts. in stamps or currency for the *revised edition* of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of VALUABLE RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing $5 and $10. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised, shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is MUCH MORE INTERESTING. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. AGENTS WANTED. Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects, mild in its action as IT DOES NOT BLISTER, and yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach any deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or any other derangement. Used for several days, such as spavins, splints, curb, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for MAN or BEAST. It is now known to be the best liniment for MAN EVER USED, acting mild and yet CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS. It is used full strength with perfect safety at all seasons of the year. It is now known to be EXCELLENT for saddle galls and fresh wounds as it removes the soreness at once and assists in healing rapidly.

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Read of its Effects on Human Flesh.

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WADDINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 15th, 1879.

B. J. Kendall & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I consider your Spavin Cure a truly beneficial article for the removal of spavin and other enlargements on all animals, as well as horses. One case on which it was used was a very fine Jersey heifer, which lost a quarter of her bag with garget and remained so until coming in the second time, when we applied "**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,**" rubbing it thoroughly and effected a complete cure. Yours truly,

WALTER RUTHERFURD,
Importer and breeder of fancy stock, Waddington, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MAPLE GROVE FARM, EDDYVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1879.

B. J. KENDALL

The Poet's Corner.

ON THE SHORE.

I come to thee, O sea!
From sweetly solemn woods whose verdant ways,
Silent save song of birds or rustling tree,
Stretch far and wide till lost in dusky maze.

There drop the sunbeams through
The quivering leaves to rest upon the moss;
There part the waving boughs that heaven's own blue
May lure to world untouched by change or loss.

No sacred pile upreared
By mortal hands can waken such high thought
As do these sylvan temples grand and weird,
By the Great Architect in silence wrought.

They are not left behind
When thee I seek, Ocean, that knows no bound,
But yields its billows to the restless wind,
Ne'er still or silent in their tireless round!

Thy morning splendors shine
Upon the enraptured sight, and sunset lays
Purple and gold upon thy heaving shrine,
And stars look down in showers of silver rays.

And see reflected there
Their own bright beauty, and the clouds pass o'er
Casting their shadows but to make fair
The mirror where God's glory shone before.

Divided homage here
The true heart pays, for winning voices call,
From woodland depths and bleak with accents near
Of sea-birds and the billows' rise and fall.

O Earth with riches filled,
Exhausted never, may we hope to find
A realm beyond where vain desires are stilled
Because fruition waits the enfanchised minds?

—*Christian Register.*

Ladies' Department.

SYLVIA'S SUITORS.

A LITTLE EPISODE.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

[Atlantic Monthly for August.]

Sylvia Engles folded the letter she had just written, and put it in the envelope. Then she arose from her chair, put on her hat and sacque, and so opened the letter and read the last pages over.

"You need not wonder," she read, "why I prefer to spend October at the seashore. If you were here,—I wish you were!—you would rather wonder why all the world is not of my mind. But I am glad it isn't! I'd like another woman to help entertain the two learned men who also sojourn here, but I should object to the world. One of the charms of the place is my sense of proprietary right in the ocean. For me the tides come and go; for me the sea breaks and rolls; mine are the sunsets and the white-caps, and mine, O Rachel, the spoil and the plunder! For know, my dear, that I do not stay only for the fine weather and the ocean, nor yet for good comradship, but for mosses! Never again will you say you are tired of 'Miss Engle's cowslip china.' It, Rachel, has had its day! It is to be succeeded by *mosses, sea-weeds, algæ*. They will be the rage. I am determined upon *that*. You and your fashionable friends can make conversation as you sip your chocolate, upon the variety and delicacy of my designs. No plate is to have its duplicate, no cup its fellow. I shall not paint very many, but I warrant you they'll be expensive! You will go wild when you see my designs, but you need not hope to buy any of my china. It will be dear, too dear! Still, as you are going to be married, you shall have a *tete-a-tete* set. In the mean time, won't you stop at my studio and tell the janitor that I will be home the 1st of Novenber? You might suggest some dusting up. As ever "S. E."

"Now," said Sylvia, "I shall have news to tell," and then she put on her gloves and started for the post-office. When she reached that Mecca of all sea-side visitors she found it closed. She knocked, but no one answered; she tried both doors but in vain. Then she went into the drug store next door. "Oh, Mr. Snyder," she exclaimed, as a man with a napkin in his hand came out of the back room, "the post-office, too, has gone! What are we to do now?"

Mr. Snyder wiped his fingers, and smiled. "It is not as bad as that, Miss Engles! We poor residents have not many luxuries after you city folks leave us, but we do manage to keep our post-office. I guess Joe Ruggles has gone to his tea; he mostly shuts up then."

"Must I sit on the step and wait for him?" asked Sylvia.

"Not much," said Mr. Snyder. "Just you leave your letter here, and I'll see to it."

"It must go in the first mail," said Sylvia.

"It shall," replied Mr. Snyder; and then he opened the door for Sylvia, and she turned to go to the beach.

As she walked along Atlantic Avenue, and then down one of the cross streets toward the ocean, she thought the place looked as if it had been desolated by the plague. The stores, the hotels, the pleasant, sunny cottages, were closed and silent. No one was to be seen upon the long and sandy streets. On some of the avenues were rows of forlorn and dingy bath houses, moved away from the beach and from winter tides. The long board walk by the shore, the pavilions, which at their best suggested Sampson Brass's summer house, were gone, and the very signs of gay life silenced, made the place doubly desolate.

She was pretty, and she had abundant interests in her life, and she had half made up her mind to marry. She was not young, for she was thirty-six; but she had had a very good time, and she meant never to have a bad one. She had once lived abroad, and had studied art in Rome and in Paris, and she was wise in technical terms, and knew all about the schools; and when she wrote pretty little poems she turned them with many a neat allusion to both Dante and Raphael. She was never worried because she could not paint great pictures, and when she was in Paris she used to go among the studios, and without any envy admire ambitious Americans working at Pompeiian interiors and Arabs at prayer. When she came home she refused all pupils, and applied herself to painting little girls. Her pictures sold, but with mildness; yet her day of triumph came. It came with "decorative art," and a panel and a tea-service established her reputation, and made Sylvia the fashion. After this all was easy.

The man she thought of marrying was Professor Arnold. He was a widower with one child, and Sylvia had now been to the sea-shore for two months with them. She had always meant to marry, and any one could see that this would be a suitable match. He had position and money, and Sylvia liked both, and thought she deserved both. The child, little Josie, was fond of and she liked to have the tender little creature depend on her, run after her, and play the tyrant over her.

They were all Josie's slaves. The professor, who was writing his lectures in a room where he could see the ocean, had stayed at the seashore on her account; Dr. Kennedy was always at her service when his neuralgia permitted, and Sylvia already gave her many a little motherly care; the landlord petted her, and the waiter was her worshipper; and these five people, at present, made up Josie's world.

When Sylvia reached the beach she found Josie busy making a well in the sand, while Dr. Kennedy walked up and down. His long ulster was buttoned over his slender, tall figure, and he wore a huge blue and white scarf tied over his hat to protect his ears.

"Oh, here you come!" he cried. "I have been watching for you. Just come here, Miss Sylvia. Now look over the water. What do you see?"

Sylvia went to him. "I see the waves breaking on the shore," she replied. "It is high tide, but the breakers are not rough. It is a tranquil sea."

"What else?" he asked,—"no ships, no boats, no gulls?"

"Only water and sky."

"Now look along the shore."

"I see sand,—a long, level stretch of gray sand."

"And the sky?"

"There are clouds. They are white and many-piled. The sky is soft and blue, and over there," pointing, "the sunset colors are reflected from the west."

"Then," said he, "Look at that child! You have not mentioned her,—a mere speck of humanity, a creature not three feet high, a small bit of color, red and white; and yet she is all we see between here and Portugal! Think of it! Nearly four thousand miles of space, and here the only life in sight! Miss Sylvia," and the doctor's voice deepened, "this is what I call—solitude!"

"And you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I like it, as the Frenchman did, when I have a pleasant companion with whom to share it."

"Very well," said Sylvia, taking out her watch, "if I come under that head, I will stay with you fifty-three minutes. By that time Thomas will be ready to sound his gong for supper, and the professor will be walking on the porch looking for us."

"Suppose, then," said the doctor, "that we sit down by the anchor. I don't like this wind, and I have a shawl there."

The anchor, which in the summer was attached to a bathing line, was now drawn up on the shore, and deeply imbedded in the sand made a snug recess, of which Sylvia was fond. The doctor hung his shawl upon the arms of the anchor, and offered Sylvia the cosy, tapestried seat; but she, declining it, sat in the open air, and he went back and forth in the shelter.

"*This*," he said, "I call comfort! And now, Miss Sylvia, when are you going away?"

"In two weeks," said she.

"And the professor a week after. I shall be lonely! See here, Miss Sylvia, why don't you stay here all winter? You have no idea how charming it is. No ice, no snow; the air a visible tonic,—exhilerating, sparkling! You could paint and get new inspirations. Stay, Sylvia, stay."

"The inspiration would not be of much use here," said Sylvia, "and do you suppose Mr. Reimer would take a panel in exchange for my board?"

"But, my dear," said the doctor, "an artist is free. He need not live in his shop,—his studio, I mean. Paint your pictures here, and send them to your agent."

"Pictures?" said Sylvia. "It is teacups! If fashion patronizes me, I must be on hand. You ought to see me receive, doctor," she went on. "I wear a long, monkish brown gown, and on it is many a spot of paint. My studio is lovely, and I give esthetic teas sometimes. I can fancy you at one! Will you come?"

"Nonsense!" said he, flushing. "How frivolous you try to make yourself! I wonder you paint at all."

"You wouldn't," said she, "if you knew the size of my bank account."

"I am perfectly in earnest," the doctor said. "I don't like women to work. I don't believe in it. I have had a surfeit of it. In my family all the women work. The older ones manage hospitals and societies, and the younger ones teach, or read, or practice medicine. I don't like it. They all have money. I don't believe you yearn to be independent, to have a life of your own, and all that fol-di-rody."

"I don't," said Sylvia. "I wouldn't like to be more than the basket-handle; I know too well all the joys of independence! Still, you see, I haven't money, so I earn it."

"That is just it!" cried the doctor, coming a little way out of his niche. "You work because you must have a living. Very good. And your occupation is genteel and lady-like."

"Don't say 'genteel!'" cried Sylvia.

"That is a very good word. Would respectable be any better? No? Well, this is what I meant to say,—a pretty domestic woman like you ought to get married. In fact, you ought to have been married some time ago."

"How do you know I am domestic?" said Sylvia, slightly coloring, and ignoring his last remark. "Artists are generally considered Bohomian rather than domestic."

"Oh, but you are not an out-and-out artist."

"Indeed, I am!" cried Sylvia. "I haven't much genius, but you don't suppose I spend my life painting teacups? I paint pictures, and I exhibit them, and, what is more to the purpose, I sell them."

"I don't doubt it," said the doctor; "but all the same you ought to get married. There's another objection I have to my family; the girls don't marry. They haven't the time, and so we have an army of old maids. I don't like it. There is that child's father; why don't he marry?"

"I'm sure I don't know;" and now Sylvia really did color.

"He ought to do it," pursued the relentless doctor. The child cannot be brought up properly by servants, and he has no sisters. Do you know, Miss Sylvia,—now, I suppose you'll get mad!—I had a great mind to advise him to ask you. It seems a pity for him to lose the chance of so good a mother for Josie. You see I have an observant nature, and I have watched you with her. You are fond of her, you have pleasant little ways with her, and she is certainly fond of you. You would make a very good mother for her."

Sylvia laughed at this. She did not mean to betray any feeling again.

"The reason why I am so candid, and perhaps abrupt,—you do think me abrupt?" "I do."

"Well, the reason is the matter is a little involved. When I first thought of it, you and the professor were digging a cave for the child in the sand, and she was jumping about in high glee. Do you remember?"

Yes, Sylvia remembered it very well.

"It was a pretty picture, I thought, and it flashed on me that the professor would be blind if he did not see what he ought to do. Ask you to marry him, I mean."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," said Sylvia coolly.

"Oh, but that isn't all!" the doctor continued, pushing the scarf off his ears. "You don't understand yet how the matter is involved. When I went back to the hotel it occurred to me that I was a very great fool. I had much better ask you to marry me. I am sure I need a good wife."

"Very well," said Sylvia, with admirable gravity.

"Still, you see," he said, "it seemed rather mean not to give him a chance. It is of course obvious that he needs the wife the most,—on account of the little girl, you know. My first thought referred to his marrying you, and that gives him, you see, a sort of preemption claim."

"I am not sure of that," replied Sylvia. "Don't they give patents, or something of the sort, for the first idea?"

"Then," said the doctor, eagerly, "you would be willing to let me ask you?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I wish I knew what you mean—would you refuse— But no, I won't do it. I really think he ought to have the first chance. The little girl is to be considered, you know."

"Is it Josie who is to be the first object?" said Sylvia. "If that is so, I might adopt her. That would make it all right, and none of us would be worried."

"Her father wouldn't part with her; but I am thinking of the welfare of all. By George, Miss Sylvia, I wish I knew your Eng; or rather, I wish the professor did. I'd like Chang myself! Of course Arnold knows nothing of this. I thought I had best speak to you first. I was afraid he would not explain the situation,—not as I would."

"I don't think he could," replied she.

"Well," said the doctor, "what have you to say?"

"I cannot say anything," she answered.

"You cannot?" repeated the doctor.

"I could offer an opinion, I suppose," said Sylvia; "but you see I can't, under the circumstances, make it a personal matter yet."

"You mean," said the doctor, "that neither of us has yet asked you."

"Exactly," Sylvia answered.

"Very well, then. Now, suppose, before we go any farther, that we see just where we stand in the present position of affairs. In the first place,—because it would, perhaps, not be proper to refer to the professor's personal matters at this moment—do you think you could marry me?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "I am very sure I couldn't."

"That is frank," he said, looking greatly pleased. "I like that. It is business-like, and helps us to clear the ground. Now, why couldn't you?"

"For one thing, I don't care enough for you, and for another, I never thought of it.'

"Very good. But we will now suppose you might waive the second reason, and I could try to persuade you out of the first. So, then, what are your objections likely to be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

"No," said Sylvia; "to tell you the honest truth, I know nothing about it."

"You don't!" exclaimed the doctor. "Then I'll tell you. We are good Quaker stock. We came over with William Penn. We are in every history of Pennsylvania ever written. If you ask for a family, you can't do better. We are an Arch Street Quaker family."

"Is that any better than any other street Quakers?" asked Sylvia.

"To be a real Arch Street Quaker, Miss Sylvia, you must be born into it. You may visit our circle, marry into it, live next door to it; but to be *of* it—birth is necessary. It is the aristocracy of the country."

"I might have liked to have been born into it," said Sylvia, "I cannot tell; but I am sure I shouldn't want to marry into it." Then she said, "Is it stupid?"

"Awfully," said the doctor, "but it is good. I simply refer to it as a question of family. You need not have anything to do with it. We don't when we can help it. We are church people, you know,—prayer-books, marrying out of meeting, and all that. If you are interested in colonial furniture, we have plenty of it. In fact, you couldn't do better in the way of family."

"Well, then," said Sylvia, "I give up that point. I don't object to your family."

"I am not poor. I like my profession, and if I need more money I will practice again. Could you be satisfied with seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars a year?"

"Perfectly."

"I am not young,—I am forty-six; but the professor is still older, so that point is not to be considered."

"Oh, yes, it is!" exclaimed Sylvia. "We are not considering this matter relatively; the professor is not under discussion."

"True enough," replied the doctor, "that is a fact to be remembered. Absolutely, then, I am not old; I am amiable, I am not tyrannical, and when I haven't the neuralgia and don't wear this scarf I am not ugly; I am a person of good habits; I smoke, but I don't drink, bet, nor gamble. These are points in my favor?"

"Certainly," said Sylvia.

"Well, then?"

"I think," said she, taking out her watch, "that now we ought to consider why I should marry you. These points are, as you say, in your favor; but leaving out your being an Arch Street Quaker, I might find other men having these same general qualifications, and I should like my husband to have some special ones. We haven't time, however, just now. You know I can think over what you already have said."

"But I don't like you to think over it too long. I have always fancied a woman's feelings in this position ought to be rather impulsive. She ought to have quick, spontaneous feeling."

"Oh, I have," said she, giving him a curious look, "but I should like to be cool, judicial. This is an important matter."

The doctor smiled.

"But it is," she said, "and I ought to have time, for several reasons. One,—to begin pretty far on,—in the fifth place, is that it is a good while since I had an offer, and I am out of practice. Beside that, you must own this is rather sudden."

"Who made you the last offer?" asked the doctor.

"An Englishman. It was a better one than yours, for there was a title somewhere in his family. He said he thought it would be awfully jolly to marry an American."

"And he was quite right," the doctor said. "Did you accept him?"

"I don't believe he thought so. He never behaved as if he did."

"Well, you think of what I said," and the doctor got up and began to fold the shawl. "And of course you understand that, although we approached the matter from a practical side, I love you. I should not wish to marry a woman to whom I was not attached."

"I will remember," Sylvia replied, taking hold of the other end of the shawl, and helping him fold it. The doctor then drew his scarf over his ears. They called Josie, who was busy carrying water to her well, and liberally baptizing herself as she trotted back and forth.

"Now," said the doctor, as they drew near the house, and the professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to who?" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

"We agreed!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idiot!"

The doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the house.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to herself, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Reimer would stop that dreadful old fiddle, and go and sit with them."

Then she half turned to go herself, but she was not sure. Perhaps the doctor would make an umpire of her, and ask her for a ruling on the spot. And yet it was absurd in her to hesitate. She would get her sewing, and go in as if nothing had happened. She wished Josie had not gone to bed. She wished her ten-cups were all in China. She wished— At that moment the door opened and the professor looked out.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard footsteps as I passed, and I wondered who it could be. I did not think of you for a moment. And then I never knew you to walk on this side of the house. It is more sheltered, but you cannot see the ocean."

"Oh, I don't care for the ocean to-night," replied Sylvia, "and I am just going upstairs."

"Don't go yet," said the professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house nearly all day, and I am tired of house air."

Sylvia hesitated. "Very well," she said, "but I cannot stay long."

So the professor put on his hat and coat, and joined her.

"Shall we not go around to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the doctor will see you and call you in. He thinks night air bad for the neuralgia."

"I have no neuralgia. Have you?"

"No, but he has. I don't know, however, but that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a very peculiar person, Miss Sylvia?"

"He certainly is. But do tell me, professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know just what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solemn vagueness of sea, shore and sky will be lost. Wouldn't it be dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg, with the sun shining at midnight, just as regularly as at home. But as I was saying about the doctor"—

"Don't let us discuss the doctor," said Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people," and any way I must go in."

The professor genuy laid his hand on her arm, and Sylvia at once shook it off.

"Miss Sylvia," he began, "between us,—not from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge,—you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean."

"A better person than Felix Kennedy does not live," the professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with judgment."

"But I am sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevaricate," said the professor. "Believe me, you had better listen to me."

"I wish I knew just what you are going to say,"—but then Sylvia paused and blushed.

"I am not going to say anything frightful. You are safe in listening to me. I am not as obtuse as Kennedy seems to think. It would be a very obtuse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insensible to your charming nature."

"Yes, I dare say," said Sylvia, a little absently; but I must go in now. It is cold."

"I would like," said the professor, not heeding this, "to be frank with you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Why, I never knew such frank people! It is terrible! If you want to please me, do be a little reticent."

"I want to please you," the professor said briskly, "but I do want to tell you something. Do you know, I have been planning, vaguely, but hopefully, to take you home with me."

"I wouldn't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that?" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps—I once thought I would, but now,—why, nothing on earth would tempt me!"

"You wrong me, Miss Sylvia," said the professor. "I meant to leave you free. I meant you to have your studio, your own friends, your own pursuits. Had I lived in New York, I should not have hesitated to speak to you; but I did not like to ask you to go to Boston, and leave so much behind you."

"That proves," said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, "how little men understand women. Do you suppose I would hesitate to follow any one I loved to the north pole? Boston, indeed! Why, I wouldn't have put it in the balance!"

"But see how you excite yourself," said the professor; "I really don't deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive lady."

"Oh, I am not sensitive," said Sylvia. "Ask the doctor if I am."

"Pardon me," he replied, "but you are. I knew I had no right to disturb your useful, happy life; but Josie loves you so well, your influence over her is so good, that I thought you might consent to become her governess."

"Oh!" cried Sylvia, and she walked quickly down the porch.

"The position in Boston, you understand, is very honorable; and in my family, and with your own social talents"—

"Spare me your compliments," interrupted Sylvia, who felt curiously enough at this moment. "I can assure you that I never mean to be a governess, but I do love Josie."

"I know you do. But, not to take up the second point, I have now other views. Let me fasten your shawl more closely; you are cold."

"No, indeed," she replied, "I am hot!"

"Now," said the professor, still speaking gently and evenly, "I have changed my mind. I still want you to go to Boston, but I want to marry you. Forgive me if I am abrupt. I meant to break this to you more politely, but the doctor is in a torpedic condition. I am forced to seem rough and inconsiderate, but I have learned to love you dearly. I could forgive you anything. You could not offend me. Miss Sylvia,"—and here he took hold of her arm again,—"tell me you forgive me! If you are angry with me now, may I not some time again plead my cause? In a month? May I not come then to you?"

"Sylvia laughed—she could not help it,—but the professor's face grew red.

"It is very funny," she said.

"It is very provoking," retorted the professor. "I will never, never forgive Kennedy! If he had not precipitated matters, you would not have been so offended with me, and you might have given me a hearing at least."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't—that is, I should have had but one answer for you," said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. "But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I suited."—

"Don't scoff," said the professor. "I am deeply in earnest, and—"

"Good-night!" cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it,—"good-night!"

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Josie; but about noon there was a knock at her door, which she answered in person. It was the doctor.

"I thought, perhaps"—he began; then noticing her books and dresses upon the bed, "By George, you are not packing up!"

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Didn't the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon train."

"Driven away!" ejaculated the doctor.

"By Jove, it is too bad!"

"Letters," said Sylvia, gravely,—"important letters."

"I dare say, and the mail not yet in! Tell me, are you offended?"

Sylvia made no reply.

"You couldn't be offended with Arnold," he said, "he is too gentle to offend any one. But I—I am a bear. Will you forgive me?"

Sylvia hesitated a half moment before she took the hand he offered. "One of you," she said, impulsively, "did not mean to offend. I am sure of that."

"Yes, I know," he answered, in a melancholy tone; "he never does. But then, neither did I. The mischief is I do all the things I don't mean and don't want to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you really don't mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvia.

"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the professor badly. You ought to be decently polite to him. And there is Josie,—you must speak to Arnold."

"Speak to who?" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

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"No, but he has. I don't know, however, but that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a very peculiar person, Miss Sylvia?"

"He certainly is. But do tell me, professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know just what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solemn vagueness of sea, shore and sky will be lost. Wouldn't it be dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg, with the sun shining at midnight, just as regularly as at home. But as I was saying about the doctor"—

"Don't let us discuss the doctor," said Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people," and any way I must go in."

The professor genuy laid his hand on her arm, and Sylvia at once shook it off.

"Miss Sylvia," he began, "between us,—not from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge,—you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean."

"A better person than Felix Kennedy does not live," the professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with judgment."

"But I am sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevaricate," said the professor. "Believe me, you had better listen to me."

"I wish I knew just what you are going to say,"—but then Sylvia paused and blushed.

"I am not going to say anything frightful. You are safe in listening to me. I am not as obtuse as Kennedy seems to think. It would be a very obtuse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insensible to your charming nature."

"Yes, I dare say," said Sylvia, a little absently; but I must go in now. It is cold."

"I would like," said the professor, not heeding this, "to be frank with you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Why, I never knew such frank people! It is terrible! If you want to please me, do be a little reticent."

"I want to please you," the professor said briskly, "but I do want to tell you something. Do you know, I have been planning, vaguely, but hopefully, to take you home with me."

"I wouldn't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that?" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps—I once thought I would, but now,—why, nothing on earth would tempt me!"

"You wrong me, Miss Sylvia," said the professor. "I meant to leave you free. I meant you to have your studio, your own friends, your own pursuits. Had I lived in New York, I should not have hesitated to speak to you; but I did not like to ask you to go to Boston, and leave so much behind you."

"That proves," said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, "how little men understand women. Do you suppose I would hesitate to follow any one I loved to the north pole? Boston, indeed! Why, I wouldn't have put it in the balance!"

"But see how you excite yourself," said the professor; "I really don't deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive lady."

"Oh, I am not sensitive," said Sylvia. "Ask the doctor if I am."

"Pardon me," he replied, "but you are. I knew I had no right to disturb your useful, happy life; but Josie loves you so well, your influence over her is so good, that I thought you might consent to become her governess."

"Oh!" cried Sylvia, and she walked quickly down the porch.

"The position in Boston, you understand, is very honorable; and in my family, and with your own social talents"—

"Spare me your compliments," interrupted Sylvia, who felt curiously enough at this moment. "I can assure you that I never mean to be a governess, but I do love Josie."

"I know you do. But, not to take up the second point, I have now other views. Let me fasten your shawl more closely; you are cold."

"No, indeed," she replied, "I am hot!"

"Now," said the professor, still speaking gently and evenly, "I have changed my mind. I still want you to go to Boston, but I want to marry you. Forgive me if I am abrupt. I meant to break this to you more politely, but the doctor is in a torpedic condition. I am forced to seem rough and inconsiderate, but I have learned to love you dearly. I could forgive you anything. You could not offend me. Miss Sylvia,"—and here he took hold of her arm again,—"tell me you forgive me! If you are angry with me now, may I not some time again plead my cause? In a month? May I not come then to you?"

"Sylvia laughed—she could not help it,—but the professor's face grew red.

"It is very funny," she said.

"It is very provoking," retorted the professor. "I will never, never forgive Kennedy! If he had not precipitated matters, you would not have been so offended with me, and you might have given me a hearing at least."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't—that is, I should have had but one answer for you," said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. "But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I suited."—

"Don't scoff," said the professor. "I am deeply in earnest, and—"

"Good-night!" cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it,—"good-night!"

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Josie; but about noon there was a knock at her door, which she answered in person. It was the doctor.

"I thought, perhaps"—he began; then noticing her books and dresses upon the bed, "By George, you are not packing up!"

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Didn't the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon train."

"Driven away!" ejaculated the doctor.

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"Letters," said Sylvia, gravely,—"important letters."

"I dare say, and the mail not yet in! Tell me, are you offended?"

Sylvia made no reply.

"You couldn't be offended with Arnold," he said, "he is too gentle to offend any one. But I—I am a bear. Will you forgive me?"

Sylvia hesitated a half moment before she took the hand he offered. "One of you," she said, impulsively, "did not mean to offend. I am sure of that."

"Yes, I know," he answered, in a melancholy tone; "he never does. But then, neither did I. The mischief is I do all the things I don't mean and don't want to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you really don't mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvia.

"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the professor badly. You ought to be decently polite to him. And there is Josie,—you must speak to Arnold."

"Speak to who?" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

"We agreed!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idiot!"

The doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the house.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to herself, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Reimer would stop that dreadful old fiddle, and go and sit with them."

Then she half turned to go herself, but she was not sure. Perhaps the doctor would make an umpire of her, and ask her for a ruling on the spot. And yet it was absurd in her to hesitate. She would get her sewing, and go in as if nothing had happened. She wished Josie had not gone to bed. She wished her ten-cups were all in China. She wished— At that moment the door opened and the professor looked out.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard footsteps as I passed, and I wondered who it could be. I did not think of you for a moment. And then I never knew you to walk on this side of the house. It is more sheltered, but you cannot see the ocean."

"Oh, I don't care for the ocean to-night," replied Sylvia, "and I am just going upstairs."

"Don't go yet," said the professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house nearly all day, and I am tired of house air."

Sylvia hesitated. "Very well," she said, "but I cannot stay long."

So the professor put on his hat and coat, and joined her.

"Shall we not go around to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the doctor will see you and call you in. He thinks night air bad for the neuralgia."

"I have no neuralgia. Have you?"

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